

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. XVIII.

STANFORD KY., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1890.

NO. 93

AT COST FOR CASH.

NOW is the Time to Buy Your Holiday Presents in Watches, Clocks, JEWELRY OR SILVERWARE.

I am offering everything in my stock of Jewelry at cost for CASH only. Look at the prices: 8-day Clocks \$3, worth \$5; 1-day Clocks at \$2.50, worth \$4. Watches worth \$100 at \$70; worth \$30 at \$20, worth \$20 at \$14, worth \$15 at \$10. B. W. Raymond's movements, gilt, \$17.50; Nickel, \$20. Hampden Railway movement at \$18.75. Seven Jewel movements, \$5 to \$6.25. Everything else in proportion. I have the largest stock ever brought to Stanford and have lately opened a large stock of new goods bought especially for the Holiday trade. Buy now while you have a large stock to select from. Come and examine my stock and prices—but bring the money with you as the sale is POSITIVELY for cash.

A. R. PENNY.

Some Scintillations by Our Lancaster Man.

The delegates to the con. con. are reported to be entirely indifferent to newspaper criticism. One prominent member said the other day that "the utterances of the average State newspaper did not have as much weight with him as the opinion of any one respected citizen of his county." Indifference to criticism is no evidence that they are not amenable to censure, if their conduct is such as to deserve it. Why they should single out newspapers as the chief objects of their contempt is by no means clear. The press is the best if not the only agency through which they can be reached, and there are abundant reasons for the assertion that no injustice has been done to these worthies by any of the papers of the State. The prominent member who has so profound a respect for the opinion of one respected citizen of his county would do well to make inquiry of the aforesaid respected citizen and obtain his opinion of the con. con. before he gives vent to his contempt for the press. It has been truly said that "he who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; and he who dare not is a slave."

The C. J. says that Marshal Burchett will offer for sale at Somerset, on Monday next, "two copper stills and 67 wash tubs." The idea of a Kentuckian not knowing the difference between a wash tub and a wash tub!

Col. Saunders D. Bruce has been conducting a sale of thoroughbreds at Lexington recently. It is related by old men that prior to the introduction of thoroughbreds, the horses of Kentucky were a shabby lot. An old fashioned horse that could trot six miles in an hour was considered a prodigy and if he failed to have thumbs or drink too much water and die, he was considered a remarkable animal. Now our thoroughbreds can trot 10 and 12 miles an hour, keep ahead of many of the engines on our railroads, and when halted up at the stable door champ the bit and are ready for food and another drive. Scrubs sometimes assume the manners and put on the airs of thoroughbreds and frequently mislead the best of judges. But there are no good reasons why this should be thus; for you may take a scrub from the field, pick the hairs from his tail and the briars from his mane rub him down, blanket him and bring upon the track in all his glory, and he will still be a scrub. There are scrubs in all the animal creation from mice to men.

Ex-Gov. Knott is getting to be as famous a toast-responder as Chauncey M. Depew, of New York. These two, it is said, have a jolly good time. They receive invitations to all the big dinners and are dined and winced and feasted and toasted in a style not to be sneezed at. A first-class toast responder enjoys an enviable position.

General Miles says he has the Sioux dancers surrounded. Brooke on the south, Sumo on the north, Carr on the west and Merriam on the east. This is about the position the Indians would prefer to have them take. If they desired to cut their way out, they would only have to encounter one fourth of General Miles' force, and that would be easy sailing. It is said that during the late war an Irishman claimed to have captured single handed 20 of the enemy, and when asked how he had accomplished this remarkable feat said, "I surrounded them."

The prediction that the Farmers' Alliance will cease to exist or to exercise any influence in the next presidential contest, are yet to be realized. It may not be sufficiently powerful to elect a candidate representing the distinctive features it represents, and yet be strong enough to turn the tide in favor of either of the two parties it may regard as most favorable to the policy it is seeking to promote. There is evidently a restlessness upon the part of the people in regard to the public affairs of the nation, and while many of the masses are still wedded to their idols and glory in a name, the disposition to make new departures are evident to the most casual observer of passing events. Of course this is the subject of ridicule among old stagers and wheel-horses, who have been manipulating the machinery of the democratic and republican parties for so long a period that they regard as high treason anything out of the usual routine of party management, but all the

same there are sounds of discontent and a disposition to choose new leaders and look in other directions for a betterment of the situation. The recent democratic victory may in the end prove a boomerang by lulling the party into false security and inspiring its principal adversary to extraordinary efforts to regain its supremacy. Early routed Sheridan's army in the valley captured much of his artillery and many of his men, and while reveling in his camp and feasting on his supplies, was attacked in turn by Sheridan upon his return and driven from the field in disorder, with the loss of all his trophies.

HUSTONVILLE.

—ELEGANT NEW HOLIDAY STOCK.—A complete assortment; any quantity of suitable gifts for old and young. Our display is worth your inspection. Don't wait until the last, but come at once and see our complete line of diamonds, jewelry, watches, clocks, silverware, novelties, &c. Weatherford & Cook.

FOR FARMERS AND TRADERS.

—Took Hubble bought at Nashville a fine jack for \$1,200.

—L. F. Sharpe sold to a Cairo, Ill. party a harness mare for \$225.

—W. R. Gaines sold to Buckner & Co. a 3-year-old gelding for \$175.

—Johnson, of Boyle, bought of Tone Hinn a car-load of 3 year-old cattle at 24 cents.

—FOR SALE.—A nice 3 year old jack by "Hubble's Beecher." E. H. Bronaugh, Crab Orchard.

—T. M. and Will Lillard sold Saturday to Israel Brown 40 old head of cattle averaging 1,700 pounds, at 4.30.

—I want 2 car-loads of corn, will pay \$2.50 per barrel. Will be in Stanford Friday and Saturday. S. P. Straite, Jellico.

—Capt. Jack Clark has beaten the record. He sold 25 cattle, which averaged 1,800 pounds, to J. H. Wilkerson, at 44c. Mt. Sterling Sentinel.

—J. L. Cogar bought 3,000 bushels of barley from Isham Bailey, of Versailles, at 65, and from Bailey & McAlister 3,100 bushels of wheat at 90 cents.—Midway Clipper.

—C. M. Jones sold a car-load of hogs in Cincinnati last week at 34. This was the top of the market and 5 cents per cwt. more than any others sold for during the day.

—The Kentuckian reports the sale of W. C. Graves' farm in Scott county, 375 acres, at \$82.50, to R. P. Pepper. It is a splendid farm and the residence alone cost \$12,000.

—DANVILLE COURT.—A pretty good crowd and good many cattle on the market yesterday, but few sold. Prices, slop cattle 24 cts., 1,400-pound cattle 3 cents. Mules \$130 to \$160.

—E. P. Owsley bought of H. D. Baughman a lot of 333-pound hogs at 3.10. He also bought of Henry Newland, B. F. Hayden and J. M. Coffey, a number weighing about 300 at 3.20.

—Joe P. Embury, of Madison, has bought in Garrard alone about 600 to 800 head of slop cattle at prices ranging from 2.65 to 34. J. B. Park sold his corn to the Silver Creek distillery at \$2.50 per barrel delivered.—Record.

—Dr. J. B. Owsley & Co. have bought a large lot of bacon sides at 5 cents laid down in Louisville. It comes from Sioux City and other points. Saturday the doctor had an offer of 20 cars at 5.05, but declined it as he thinks he will be able to buy at less than 5 cents.

—There is a prune orchard of 40 trees at Grangersville, Cal., which bore this year 28,200 pounds of fruit, an average of 705 pounds to a tree. One tree among the number produced 1,140 pounds. The fruit has sold in that locality this season for 94 cents a pound.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—Miss Mary Davis, daughter of Crit Davis, will marry Mr. Tullius Witherspoon at Harrodsburg to-day.

—Robert S. Crawford, a well-known young attorney, and Miss Alice Taylor, both of Williamsburg, eloped to New Albany and were married Friday.

—Charles Joplin seduced a young lady at Fort Smith, Ark., and applied to a doctor to help him get rid of the child. He refused and told the girl's parents about it. They raised a row and Joplin went gunning for the whole kit. He killed the doctor, the girl and her parents and then ended his own miserable existence.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

—The secret ballot and no liquors sold on election days, as adopted, ought to make those days "pass very quietly."

—The members of the con. con. may be a set of noodles, but they are not far gone enough to tumble to the woman's suffrage business.

—The constitutional convention will soon be equal to Tobe Grider's show, which was "so d—l but it was real good."—Owensboro Messenger.

—The great American Junketers have been in session ninety-two days, and their work is not half completed. Their next trip, and their best, in the interest of the taxpayers, should be in the direction of their several homes.—Frankfort Capital.

—If the dilapidated State-house that has so long disgraced Kentucky will but tumble about the devoted heads of the dallying delegation now occupying it, the people will console themselves with the reflection that the penuriousness that has existed under a guise of economy has been indulged to a good purpose.—Louisville Times.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—Mrs. Fairweather will contest her husband's will, which gives \$2,000,000 to charitable objects in New York city.

—Rev. A. C. Stockard, aged 60, a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher, at Dover, Tenn., is defendant in a suit for seduction.

—The debt of the Methodist church of Pittsburg, Pa., \$8,000, has just been paid by a penny contribution and the stewards had a heavy task counting the 80,000 little pieces.

—Since a Brooklyn church adopted the plan of having a couple of young and pretty girls take up the collection instead of a pair of ugly men, the contributions have more than doubled.

—The redemptory services at the Shelbyville Christian church was followed by a revival in which there had been 16 converts to last accounts. Rev. C. P. Williamson is doing the preaching.

—Rev. Charles Z. Hembree, the Kentucky Presbyterian preacher who was suspended from the ministry at Norman, Kas., and assaulted his fellow-ministers, announces that he will sue the Presbytery for damages.

—A number of Missouri churches hold roll-call services once a year. The pastor calls the roll of members. Those present respond by scriptural quotations of brief words of greeting. Any who cannot attend send letters or messages which are read. When the names of those who have died within the year are called there are memorial verses read. It is a tenderly pathetic service and brings church members together.

—A momentous law case for Texas is pending in the U. S. Supreme Court this week. The contention is that the codification of the State laws made in 1879 was never ratified by the legislature. The lives of 30 condemned murderers, the liberty of over 3,000 felons now in penitentiaries and the titles to all lands passed by acts of court since 1879 are involved, along with the life of Dick Duncan, under sentence of death, who appeals on the ground mentioned for release.

McGinnia—Miss Emerelda, if you only knew how much I love you. There is no sacrifice I'd not be willing to make for you.

Emerelda—Is that so? Are you really in earnest? "I am indeed. Try me!" "Then marry my oldest sister, so that it will be my turn next."

Grocer—"Well, my little boy, what will you have?"

"Fifteen cents' worth of molasses."

Grocer (as he hands the pitcher over the counter)—"Where's your money?"

"In the pitcher; I put it in there so as to be sure not to lose it."—Fliegende Blätter.

Father—Did you break this vase? Johnny—Yes, father, I can't lie. Father—Indeed! Well, you won't be able to sit, either, when I am done with you. Come along to the woodshed.—New York Herald.

At a husking bee, if you get a red ear you may steal a kiss; while on the contrary, under other conditions, if you steal a kiss you may get a red ear.

—Day, who pushed his wife over Niagara Falls, will be hanged in Ottawa Dec. 18.

The Capital of Casey.

Liberty has not risen Phoenix-like from the disastrous fire of March last, but on the contrary has never ceased to feel the loss sustained. The majority of the merchants who suffered by that memorable conflagration had no insurance and the consequence is they are not able to set up in business again. It is the exception rather than the rule that a fire is, in the long run, detrimental to the appearance, or even business interests of a town, but it is the case with Liberty, and although 9 months have elapsed, only a couple of small, one-story store rooms have been built on the sites where a dozen houses, most of them substantial, once stood. The quaint little town has never been able to make a boast of her sightliness, but now it is "out of sight" sure enough.

Mr. Walker Bell, who has been a friend of the INTERIOR JOURNAL from its beginning, is among the attendants at court. He is rejoicing over the receipt of a letter from Commissioner Rann saying that he is to get \$2 per month pension from this on and is also to be the recipient of a few dollars back pay. Considering the fact that he has paid out only \$200 or \$300 to pension agents he is to be congratulated on his good fortune.

The bright and brainy Col. Silas Adams is still the centre of attraction in all crowds. His kind and affable nature, together with a wonderful amount of magnetism draws to him the friendship of all with whom he comes in contact. He seems not the least sore over his defeat for the nomination for Congress by his party, although there are many of his townsmen and backers who are. In conversation with Col. Adams it is easily detected that he is not a republican of the Red-rule-or-ruin type, but instead a conservative one, who sees the shortcomings of his party as well as those of the opposing. He is not "stuck" on President Harrison, nor does he approve of the enormous amount of money that is annually paid for pensions.

Just now Liberty is enjoying a dancing craze. Prof. Smith, a gay young man from Lebanon, has just closed a successful dancing school and the young people can now trip the light fantastic with the ease and grace of fairies.

The Liberty Press, defunct, has sold its plant to the Old Kentucky Baptist Co., and Mr. Douglas is now publisher instead of editor. It is a creditable 6-column folio with the majority of its reading columns devoted to religious literature, while sufficient space is devoted to local interests to tell the doings in and about Liberty.

To her credit be it said that Liberty has doffed the old style she clung to for 11 years and hardly a month passes that some promising youngster does not make his appearance. Those who were alarmed lest the stock of some of the prominent families of that town should run out can now rest easier, knowing that "unto them a child is born, unto them a son is given."

It is claimed by the proprietor that the Wilkerson Hotel fed over 500 people the first day of circuit court. This is a pretty big job for a hotel with so few of the modern improvements as that hostelry, but I'll wager not a soul left the table hungry.

The INTERIOR JOURNAL, as the P. M. informed me, has double the number of subscribers as any other paper that goes to the Liberty office. You don't have to use much exertion beating a good thing into the head of the sound-thinking Caseyite.

His many friends will be glad to know that the clever county clerk, George A. Frewitt, has about recovered his eyesight. For awhile it looked as if he would go blind, but I'm much pleased to note that there are now no tears entertained of such a calamity befalling that excellent gentleman. E. C. W.

DEATHS' DOINGS.

—H. C. Noble, a brother of the Secretary of the Interior, died suddenly at Columbus, O.

—James Calvert, a respected citizen of Junction City and agent of the C. S. railroad at that point, died Sunday night after a protracted spell of typhoid fever.

—Henry Blankenship, aged 83, died at his home near Preachersville, Sunday night, after a month's illness of a complication of diseases. He was a staunch Baptist and had been a member of that church for over a half century. His wife preceded him to the grave about 15 years.

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE

Corner Somerset and Main Sts.

Our Motto is "Quick Sales and Small Profits."

For Christmas Presents come and see our

Bisque Figures, Beautiful Glass Water Sets, Coal Vases, Tin Toilet Sets, Handsome Chamber Sets, Stand Lamps, Swinging Lamps.

Groceries for the Holidays:

Canned Fruits and Vegetables, Apricots, Pears, Peaches, Raspberries, Pine Apple sliced, Pine Apple grated, French Peas, Beans, Yarmouth Corn, Tomatoes.

DRIED FRUITS:

Laver Figs, Cooking Figs, L. L. Raisins, California Prunes, Leghorn Citron, Apples, Apricots, Peaches, Currants.

Mince Meat, Potted Meats, Canned Beef,

Gelatine, Chocolate, Cocoa,

Laundry Soap, Castile Soap, Toilet Soap,

A complete line of Plain and Fancy Candies, Oranges, Lemons, Nuts.

EXTRACTS:—Lemon, Vanilla, Almond, Strawberry, Banana, Pine Apple, Apricot, Orange, Cinnamon.

MARK HARDIN.

Christmas Goods,

Holiday Trix in Great Variety, at

R. Zimmer's.

I have just received and opened a large and well selected lot of Christmas Goods, including

Toys, Dolls and Games of Every Description.

Also

THE LARGEST LINE OF CANDIES

Both French and common, ever brought to Stanford. Nuts and Fruits in great variety. See my stock before you buy your Santa Claus supplies. Remember you can get a Good Meal at any time for 25 cents at my Restaurant. OYSTERS served in any style and for sale in bulk.

W. S. Hilton,

JUNCTION CITY, KY.

Is Headquarters for Santa Claus'

SUPPLIES and invites the people of his section to call and examine his immense stock of

New and Novel Christmas Trix.

Every conceivable thing in the Toy line can be found at his store. Dolls of all sizes and at any prices are also there by the hundreds, while his line of Christmas Presents for the older class is not surpassed outside of the cities. Be sure to see his Electric Engine and the many other things of interest found in his large and well selected stock. All of the substantial, such as are kept in a First-Class General Merchandise Store, can be obtained at the very smallest margin, and those desiring to supply themselves with such should go directly to his store, which is headquarters.

He desires to thank the public generally for their patronage during the year just closing and hopes by fair dealing to all and the very lowest living prices to merit a continuance.

K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Train leaves Rowland at 7:00 a. m., returning at 5:45 p. m.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North..... 11:50 a. m.
Express train " " South..... 11:50 p. m.
Local Freight North..... 6:30 a. m.
Local Freight South..... 6:30 p. m.
The latter trains also carry passengers.
The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 30 minutes faster.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1899.

RICHARD C. WARREN

Is a Candidate for Auditor of the State of Kentucky, subject to the will of the Democratic party.

Dr. A. S. PRICE,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office on Main street, over W. B. McRoberts' Drug Store, Stanford.

R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S. DENTIST.

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REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
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REAL ESTATE,
Pineville, - - Kentucky.

Town Lots, Coal, Iron and Timber. Lands bought or sold on Commission. Correspondence solicited.
101-yr

THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL

J. B. OWENS, Manager,
Harrodsburg, - - Kentucky.

I have taken charge of this popular hotel and intend to run it in a first-class manner in every respect. It is being repaired and painted from top to bottom, the building is being renovated and everything done to make it pleasant and comfortable for guests. The table shall never be surpassed by hotels in this section.
J. B. OWENS.
5-yr

THE RILEY HOUSE,

F. B. RILEY, Proprietor,
London, - - Kentucky.

I have moved to my new Hotel and am better prepared than ever to accommodate the public. Good Lodging attached and every convenience desired. Give me a call.
FRANK RILEY.
77

C. A. BENEDICT & CO.,
Well Drillers & Pump Adjusters,
TANFORD, KY.

Wells drilled to order and Pumps furnished at factory prices.
30

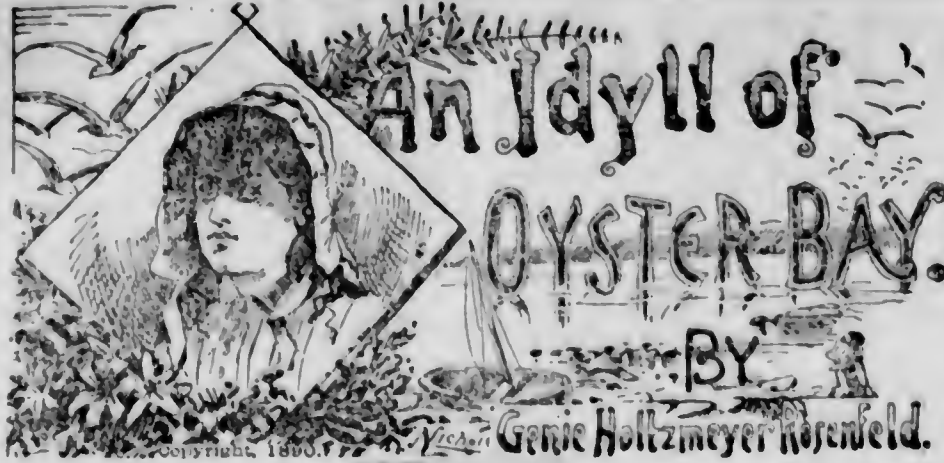


The BEST FLOUR is the

CREAM FLOUR

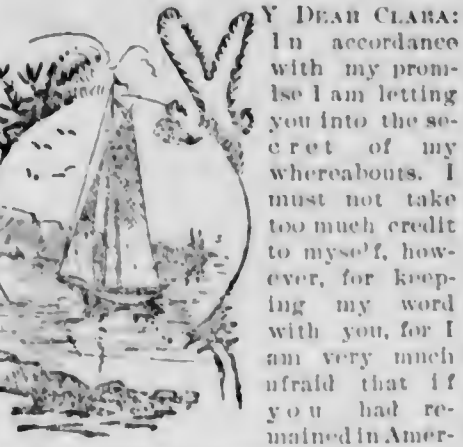
made by the Lexington Roller Mills Co., Lexington, Ky. For sale by all first-class Grocers.

Don't fail to use Cream Flour if you want good Bread and a happy Cook.



An Idyll of OYSTER BAY.
BY
Genie Holtzmeier Rosenfeld.

FIRST WEEK.



Dear Clara: In accordance with my promise I am letting you into the secret of my whereabouts. I must not take too much credit to myself, however, for keeping my word with you, for I am very much afraid that if you had remained in America this summer instead of going to Europe, I should have kept my place of refuge as much a secret from you as from the rest of our set.

I am supposed to be—anywhere, I had to communicate with my banker the other day, and several letters were forwarded to me. One of my correspondents hoped that I was enjoying myself in Switzerland; another that my Western trip might not enmesh me too much with that section of the country and lose me to New York; another had inclosed the letter to the banker with the request that he would direct it to my hotel in Paris. Nobody knows just where I am; and nobody suspects that I have quietly sneaked off here without servants, dresses or money to a little secluded cottage a mile or two from Oyster Bay town, and that I have been spending a whole month with no companionship but that of my old nurse Harriet and her husband, William Sayer.

The day I told you I was going to creep out of sight of the world for a few weeks, we were so interrupted by your preparations for going abroad, and our talk was so vague, that I feel that I owe you a great deal of explanation.

You will remember, dear Clara, what a shock my father's sudden death was to me. True, we had never been more to each other than acquaintances, and I realized long ago that my chief charm to him was the certain showy quality I possessed, which made money spent on me seem well invested. I had often longed for a change, but when it came and I found myself alone in that great Fifth Avenue house of ours, I grew melancholy and unhappy.

I was too listless to attend to business matters, nothing roused me, and the change which Dr. Wood recommended to me as a nervous restorer after the shock I had sustained when my father was brought home killed by the fall from his horse, seemed too much trouble to be undertaken.

I was in this morbid state when my lawyer called on me.

"Miss Van Cortlandt," he said, "it is almost the beginning of July; your father has been dead month now; don't you think you had better attend to your affairs and leave town?"

"What is there to attend to?" I asked.

"Your father's will, for instance."

"I suppose as I am the only child and heir that that is a mere matter of form."

"Not quite," said the lawyer, "but I am delighted to be able to approach you at last on the subject of the will, for your continual refusal to be made aware of its contents was singularly embarrassing to me."

"In what way?" I asked. "My father has not left me penniless, I suppose?"

"Not quite," said the lawyer, dryly. "I sprang to my feet."

"Tell me what you mean?" I demanded.

"The fact is, my dear young lady, that your father did not appreciate the solidity of your character, and he was for several months before his death tormented with the idea that if you once had control of your fortune, you would throw it away on some foreign duke, or impoverished Italian prince. It has been his one thought to find a means of controlling you after his death, as easily as during his life."

I could not speak as the lawyer ceased, but sat watching him with anxious eyes till I should know the worst. It seemed to be an interminable time before he had coughed, and wiped his glasses, and continued his story.

"Under these circumstances," he said at last, "he was not long in finding a means whereby the money and position, of which he was so proud, could not only remain in the country, but in the family."

"I don't understand you!" I gasped.

"In other words, Miss Van Cortlandt, he found a husband for you."

"For me?" I said, indignantly.

"You have a cousin, a first cousin, the son of a brother of your father, who was disinherited and disinherited by your grandfather in consequence of his having married a very respectable and charming lady who had once been on the stage. Your father was very successful in business, but with the help of his good wife managed to give your cousin an excellent college education, and the young man has been for some years in the employ of a very respectable down-town firm, and bears a high reputation for honesty and integrity. Your father searched out all these facts about your cousin, and thereupon decided that he would make an ideal husband for you; and, in pursuance of this idea, he has left you his entire fortune contingent on your marrying your cousin, Pryor D. Van Cortlandt. In the event of your refusing to make the desired marriage, your father's whole property is to be divided among certain charities."

Imagine my feelings, Clara! So bent was my father on having his own way, that if I refused to do his will he would turn me, his tenderly reared child, penniless on the streets! I am twenty-three years old, and I have never done any work in my life—what is there for me to do but to marry this Pryor D.?

My father's will further stated that if he died before I reached the age of twenty-five, I was to be given three months in which to mourn him, and then either marry my cousin, or become a beggar. He did not wish his daughter to be long without proper protection. Did you ever hear of anything so heartless and cold-blooded? During the three months of indecision I am to be allowed a thousand dollars, and finally if I refuse to marry this Pryor D. that is every cent of my father's money which I will ever see.

Four weeks had already gone by before I knew of the fate awaiting me.

"Is my cousin aware of this infamous will?" I asked.

"Yes," said my lawyer, "and, to do him justice, he likes it as little as you do. He raved quite as much as you have done, because that he didn't want to give up his liberty to become the husband of some rich woman, and refused to see you until the day on which you are to make your decision, as he wishes you to make it quite uninfluenced by him. He said, openly, that but for the fact of your refusal making you poor, he heartily hoped that you would have nothing to say to him."

My lawyer left me, and after I had overcome the first flush of my anger and despair, I began to wonder what to do. I remembered you, and hurried off to tell you, but you were so happy on the eve of your trip to Europe that I had not the heart to make you sad over my worries. As I sat and watched your trunks being packed, and realized the immensity of the distance that was about to be placed between me and the dearest friend I had in the world, a new sense of desolation took possession of me, and I longed to be going away myself—anywhere to escape my thoughts.

As I sat on the edge of your trunk my resolution was formed, and before you were well out to sea, Clara, I had packed up a couple of simple gowns, told the servants that I was going to travel for the rest of the summer, and left home before they had time to speculate about me, coming to Harriet for refuge as naturally now as in the old days of cuts and bruises and childish sorrows.

Four weeks have already slipped by, and this is the first of the last four I shall have as a free woman.

Ah, Clara! If I had nothing on my mind to worry or annoy me; how happy I could be in this deserted, lovely spot! I feel as though I were maligning it when I only speak of it as lovely—but our language is too poor to furnish me with other adjectives. It needs the glowing music of the German tongue, or the florid accents of Italy, to adequately describe it. I lie sometimes on the sandy beach and think what a heaven it all would be if I was only nobody, and had some one to love me for myself alone. I dream the future so, Clara, for I have quite determined that I have no alternative but to marry this Pryor D. but after all I have said to you about a woman sacrificing her self-respect by marrying for money, the situation is doubly hard; I shall marry him, though, and after I shall spend all my fortune in helping women to emancipate themselves from the abject slavery which generations of meek wisdom has brought upon them.

I will not talk of the future now, the present is enough. Let me tell you about this bay, Clara.

It is a bay within a bay, so to speak, and unless you approach it from the sea,



and have learnt its topography, you would suppose yourself on a little inland lake.

On the one side where our cottage is there is a beautiful shell-covered beach. When I saw it I could not help exclaiming, for it realized the truth of the warm grays and monochromes of Clouse.

I was at his studio this spring, and his marvelous tints and effects of light and shade were still fresh in my mind, and when I saw this beach, lo! I had found the spot that had taught him his trick of color.

The water laps on a shelly beach, creeping in round isolated rocks, and rising till it lays itself at the feet of a bank wooded to the water's edge. In some spots wild sweet pea is trailing down among the shells, and the long arms of the Virginia creeper reach out, and out, and out, until at high tide some of them are floating on the bosom of the waters.

Have I made you love this shore of my

lovely bay? Yes? Then come with me to the other, where the sedges and rushes grow down into the water, and the verdure begins at once without any hint of beach or shell, and the trees overhang darkly, and the water is deeper, stiller, and more mysterious than on the other shore. Ah, Clara! If the other bank is a Chase, this is a Corot, and I often look over at it and fancy I see the nymphs rising from the sedgy bottom to sport and play in the moonlight. Alas! alas! that I must soon bid farewell to this enchanting spot to lead a loveless life with some cold, hard business man, who will care for me only as one of the items that go to make up the sum of his grandeur. If I could only here, and now, know what I was to love and be loved, I think, Clara, I would give up every thing and take the man even if he were only a simple farm hand. I hate to be a mere bit of mortgageable property.

We live very simply here. More so than I intended to do. Harriet, I can see, is quite determined that I shall marry Pryor D., and loses no opportunity to gild at poverty. As the clamorous season has not been a profitable one to her husband, she gives me an object lesson by forcing me to live on the produce of the farm and the pickles. The board money I pay her she puts away, telling me that if the coming year-season is as bad as the past clamoring, she will need that and more before the winter is over. Good-hearted old soul, she little knows that even the prospect of an eternal pickle-tub would not scare me if I loved and was loved by him who provided the brine.

On my arrival here she assumed the old masterful airs, took away my gowns, and sat up all night running up a thick flannel skirt, which she presented to me in the morning with a jersey, and instructions to wear the outfit during my stay. I laughed when I saw myself in it, but I was too dispirited to care, and took the new wardrobe provided for me, namely, a pair of frightful country shoes, two severely plain gingham gowns (for best), and a flannel bath-suit caught with elastic at wrists and ankles.

I am learning to be quite useful. I make the bread, and the pies, and the butter, and feed the animals and chickens, and generally lead a life that to me is ideal, because it is not real.

A good many yachts come in to the harbor, and I often see the flag of one of our old friends floating on the breeze and laugh to myself at the surprise it would cause if any of them came here and discovered me in the guise of Harriet Sayer's niece from Boston.

I don't think they would find me out, though, for this morning I had an opportunity of putting my disguise to a test.

It was washing day. Harriet had retired to the shed where she does her washing, and I was in the kitchen making up the bread, when I heard the measured beat of oars in their rowlocks. There was something so quick and workmanlike in the stroke, that I knew in a moment it couldn't be William Sayer, nor Hans, the Danish hired man; so I peeped out of the window to see. There, making for the strip of beach on which William Sayer's oyster boat is moored, and the little bluff above which the cottage is built, there was a young man rowing. How he could row, Clara! The boat fairly flew through the water, and yet he seemed to be making no effort. The oars rose, turned and fell, with a precision that made me say to myself: "That man has been stroke of a college crew!"

I gave up my word I did not notice the man much, I was too occupied in his rowing, until he rested on his oars, and, looking up, spied and hailed me. I drew back from the window quickly, but only behind the curtain, for I saw at a glance that the man was gently bred, and it was so long since I had seen any one belonging to my old life that I thought I would like to see how he would impress me after the rough but wholesome mannered William Sayer and Hans.

What I saw was amusing. Hans, who had heard the hail, and had as evidently measured his man as I had done, had gruffly marched into the water, and, taking the stranger for a tender-foot, bidden him jump on his shoulders, and land dry shod. The young man demurred, but Hans, with another growl, wondered what use there was in getting "them" wet, and the young man yielded, the "them's" being a pair of low shoes, which were certainly very despicable when compared with Hans' own knee high moccasins.

The young man, having landed, proceeded to seal the back. I rushed back to the table and thrust my hands in the dough, hoping that the barking of the dogs would attract Harriet and prevent the young man from coming in, but in a moment I heard him patting and making friends with them, and ere I could get out of sight he was darkening the doorway.

"Can I get some eggs here?" he said.

"I guess so," I answered. "I'll go and see."

"Pray don't disturb yourself," he said, politely. "I'm in no hurry, and I know how a housewife hates to be disturbed while she has her hands in the bread. If you'll let me I'll sit here till you get your leaves in the oven, and may be you'll let me come back later on to try your handwork, for we are all out of bread on board."

He perched himself on the corner of the dresser and I took a good look at him. He was a dark, handsome fellow, with a kind, manly face and clear, honest eyes. I liked him and made no demur.

I went on with my bread making, and he sat watching me until I got nervous and I entirely forgot all Harriet's instructions. Shaping my dough into loaves, I set them in my tins and promptly put them in the oven.

"You're not a very expert bread maker, are you?" he asked. "Do you generally make the bread here?"

"No, not generally," I answered, shortly.

"I thought not," he said, with a laugh. "I guess that is not the way your mother fixes it."

"Why, what have I done?" I asked, alarmed, forgetting in my fear that I

ought to be more distant to a stranger. "Where I come from we let the bread rise in the pans while before we set in the oven," he said.

I made one movement toward the oven, and then, remembering myself, drew back.

"We do it the other way here," he said.

He jumped off the dresser and threw the oven door open.

"Come, now," he said, laughing, "confess that this is your first attempt, and that you have forgotten what mother told you. I've seen bread made since I was only as high as my thumb, and it's always done this way," and without more ado he lifted out the pans, placed them on the shelf above the fire, just where I had always seen Harriet put them, and, seizing the first cloth he laid his hands on, placed it across the top just as Harriet always does, and then confronted me, still laughing.

"I guess I've saved you a good tongue thrashing. What are you going to give me for it?"

Oh! Clara, I was frightened! I saw that he had not penetrated my disguise, and took me for a farm girl, and I have



"CAN I GET SOME EGGS HERE?"

heard so often how impudent men can be to girls whom they consider beneath them, and I thought he was going to kiss me. At the top of my lungs I screamed: "Auntie! Auntie!"

Harriet came flying in, all soap suds. "What on earth's the matter, Nan?" she cried; "are you burnt or scalded?"

Then she saw the young man, and stopped dead. He looked foolish and Harriet furious. I came lamely to the rescue:

"Here's a gentleman wants eggs, auntie," I stammered.

"Well," said Harriet, "my hens don't lay in the kitchen!"

"I ventured to wait here, madam," said he, with the humblest politeness, "while your niece was getting her bread in the oven."

Harriet cut him short. She glanced over at the bread, gave an angry snort, pounced on it, and whisking the cloth off it, spoke:

"You can't be very busy if you mean to wait for bread to raise under a wet cloth." She sniffed and looked from one to the other as if I could not restrain a little triumphant laugh, and the stranger gazed in the face.

"You'd better come along with me," she snapped; "I'll give you the eggs; and if you're one of them fancy city sailors as comes up these waters summers, may be you'd better get back to your boat; there's a storm brewing, and likely it won't suit you."

Harriet hustled him out of the kitchen, without giving him opportunity to so much as glance at me, and a few seconds later the steady rhythm of his oars told me that he was gone.

I heard Harriet go back to her work, saying to herself with yet one more fierce snarl:

"It's my belief that young man wanted eggs as much as a cat wants pockets."

Good-bye, dear Clara, I'll write to you every mail now; the ice once broken, it is a comfort to chat with you who have always been so sympathetic to me. I shall write regularly until my fate overtakes me in the shape of Pryor D. Your Loving but Unfortunate Friend,

NANETTE VAN CORTLANDT.

SECOND WEEK.

Oh! Clara, I hardly like to tell you, but I've seen that young man again; he's a splendid fellow; I like him immensely; his name is Douglas; he's a merchant of some kind down-town, but he must be all right for he's a member of the New York Yacht Club, and owns the yacht he's sailing—a dainty dremm of a sloop.

Let me tell you all about it: Nearly every day I go up to Clouse's beach, as I have christened it, rowing by myself in one of William Sayer's safe but slow boats, and I bathe under the shadow of the great sandy cliff which divides Oyster Bay from Cold Spring harbor, and which some tourists desecrated last year, they tell me, by planting the name Firefly in shrub letters ten feet high all across its noble forehead. I am glad to say that the wind and the weather disapproved of the fact as much as I did of the idea, and there isn't a trace of this vandalism left.

Well, dear, as I said, I go nearly every morning under the shadow of this cliff to bathe, and lie on the sand and read. There is a great big massive rock on the shore, and I generally go when the tide is going down, throw my grapnel in the sand, swim to the rock, and lie basking on it, reading until the sun bakes me dry.

The day after I wrote you, I put on my bathing suit as usual in the house, took "The Tollers of the Sea" and rowed off to the rock, laid my book upon it, rowed to shore, fastened my boat, and swam back for a good, quiet read. I'm not a good swimmer, Clara, and when I go out to the rock I take care that the water is not deeper than four or five feet, so I am not afraid. I clambered up its side and found a perfect Gilliat's seat in which to rest and read of his adventures. I opened my book and was soon absorbed in it. I read on and on, till finally I reached the dreadful encounter of poor Gilliat with the octopus. Every nerve in my body was quivering with the excitement and horror of the situation, when suddenly something touched my foot. I looked



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WHY ROSY LIPS WERE MADE.

As Rosalind, blushing, raised her head
The handsome fellow archly said,
"Kiss me, my dear!"
"Pray tell why rosy lips were made,"
Said she: "They are the sweet blockade
Against young lovers who invade
The heart within."
If I the sweet blockade should run
Might I not hold the heart I'd won
By such adventure?
"No, every one can take who tries it;
But should you take me by surprise
And close the lips I'd still have eyes
Would speak in silence!"
"Could eyes like those be so unkind?"
Then close them up, for "Love is blind!"
"Say, that's not true, sir!"
"Can Love be blind, I'd like to know,
And shoot the merriment away?
He sees more in some one, I know,
Than others do, sir."

And why do cheeks get rosy red?
I'll tell you why, sweet Rosalind said,
"With some emotion
These nature, with consummate art,
Paints every passion of the heart
That burning secret to impart—
A maid's devotion!"
He stole one kiss; then two, three, four
And gladly would have stolen more
Without repenting
"You've won my heart; it must be true
These rosy lips were made for you!
You'd better take the reason
While I'm consenting."

—First Emerson Broads in New York Herald.

MYSTERY OF A DREAM.

I am about to write the story of the one great mystery of my life. I have told the story to many people, but with one exception they have all looked very incredulous. Many shook their heads, and not a few acted as if they thought me a trifle demented. There is one, however, who is now sitting near the table at which I am writing that believes my story implicitly. Indeed, Editha, my darling wife, knows full well that the story which I am about to write is true.

I cannot tell when the knowledge that I loved Editha Wyldmere was first revealed to me. We were children together, and as we grew older we seemed like brother and sister. Even then she was all the world to me, and how dear I was to her her own sweet lips have told me a hundred times. Our joys and sorrows were shared together. As happy, thoughtless children we romped and laughed, and many a time we mingled our tears in childish grief. As the years rolled away our affection for each other grew steadily stronger and deeper.

At 19 Editha was as fair and pure as the most spotless thing under the sun. I almost worshipped her then, but I was still young and no thought of marriage entered my head. So beautiful a maiden could not long avoid attracting admiring suitors, and among those who looked around her was one Cyril Staythorne, the tall, proud, aristocratic master of Staythorne hall, which had been left him at the death of his wealthy father.

I will not deny that I soon grew jealous of many of those fawning and flattering suitors, and of Cyril Staythorne in particular. Most beautiful young ladies are naturally a trifle inclined to be flirt, and Editha Wyldmere was no exception. Not that she loved me as truly and dearly as ever, but never had I made a serious declaration of my passion, and for a time she enjoyed the attention bestowed upon her by those who had been smitten by her rare charms of grace and sweetness.

I was poor, a carpenter's son, and this fact alone in the eyes of her parents disqualified me as a son-in-law. Our Saviour was a carpenter's son, but this fact has not caused the calling to be deemed more lofty than it was nineteen hundred years ago. Editha's parents were on the outlook for a "good match" for their daughter and they looked with favor upon Cyril Staythorne. They were too wise to come out openly and request Editha to have nothing further to do with the poor carpenter's son, but in divers ways they did everything they could to separate us and to install Staythorne in her favor.

I shall never forget the feeling of rage and despair that seized me one day I saw Editha seated in Cyril Staythorne's handsome carriage, with Staythorne himself by her side. I cannot describe our next meeting. How much I was to blame for what followed I now know, but I then thought I had just cause for what I did. Hot words were uttered, and for the first time we parted in anger.

The next day I left the quiet New England town where twenty-one years of my life had been spent. A passenger train bore me away out into the world. I was going anywhere that I might get away from the hateful spot that I had always known as home, where so many happy days had been spent with the one from whom I thought fate had separated me forever.

I sought and obtained employment in a great city, the crowded streets and hurrying rush of which seemed very strange and unnatural to me. I tried to forget my old home and Editha, but I soon found it impossible to do so. Strive as I might to tear her image from my bosom her fair, sweet face was almost always before me. Sternly I fought against the power that seemed to be drawing me back to her. Many a night did I awaken and sit bolt upright in the darkness of my little room, with her plaintive cry sounding in my ears.

"Oh, Jasper, come back to me!" It always seemed very real, but I reasoned myself into thinking that it was all imagination. I now know that many, many times she uttered that very cry. One day an accident happened to me. I was passing along beneath the spot where repairs were being made on a building when a falling board struck me senseless. I was picked up and carried to a hospital, but when I recovered consciousness I did not know my own name. My mind did not seem deranged. I could remember events and people, but I could not recall the name of a single person whom I knew. They told me that I had been severely injured and that I had been in a hospital for several days. For several days I lay there, gradually

growing better physically, but in no way improving mentally. Try as I might I could not recall names. I remembered my home, Editha, Cyril Staythorne, everything; but I could not speak the name of a single place or person, although scores of times I seemed on the point of doing so.

Finally, I had so far recovered that I was informed that on the following day I was to be discharged from the hospital. The last night of my stay in the hospital arrived, and at a very early hour I sought my couch and was soon fast asleep.

I am not naturally a dreamer, but am a very sound sleeper. It did not seem that I dreamed that night, but suddenly I found myself in a familiar spot. It was night, and a thunderstorm was rapidly coming on. The black heavens were seamed with fire, and deep thunder roared like an enraged monster. I was standing on the old bridge which spanned a winding stream not far from my boyhood home. Suddenly a flash of lightning showed me Editha hurrying along the bridge.

Startled and amazed that she should be there at such a time, I was about to make my presence known, when another flash showed a second person on the bridge. Plainly I saw his dark, mustached, evilly handsome face, and plainly I heard Editha's cry of surprise and fear as he confronted her midway on the trestle. Then through the darkness floated his triumphant exclamation:

"Ah! Editha Wyldmere, I have you now! Twice I have asked you to be my wife, only to meet with refusal and scorn. To-night I swear you shall consent to marry me, or you meet your death in the waters of Crooked river!"

Then came another flash of light that showed my darling struggling in his vile clasp. To my ears came a cry that stirred every drop of blood in my veins: "In an instant I leaped forward and tore her from his arms; at the same time I dealt him a terrific blow that sent him reeling against the railing of the bridge. The rotten guard gave way, and flung up his arms, with the look of utterable horror on his face plainly revealed by the vivid glare, he uttered one wild cry and plunged downward into the dark water." Editha uttered one joyful cry:

"Jasper! Jasper!" Then she sank unconscious at my feet. From that moment I knew no more until I awoke in the morning to find myself in the hospital. And in the morning my memory was fully restored to its natural condition. I found that I knew my own name and the names of my friends. That day I left the hospital.

I remained in the city a week, and during the entire time my strange dream—if dream it was—worried me constantly. Was Editha in trouble? Did she need my protection?

As a final result, one night I boarded a swift train, and in the morning I stood by my darling's bedside. She was just recovering from a brief but severe illness. As she clung to my hand and shed tears of joy she sobbed reproachfully:

"Oh, Jasper! Why did you leave me there on that bridge after rescuing me from Cyril Staythorne's hands?"

"What do you mean?" I hoarsely gasped, scarcely able to credit my ears.

Then she described a scene just as I had witnessed and taken part in my dream. She finally said:

"I was over to Mabel Gray's, where I intended to spend the night, when the thunder storm came up. I don't know why I did it, but I resolved to return home, and I started out despite the protests of both Mabel and her mother. I met Staythorne on the bridge. He seized me in his vile grasp, and I called for help. Then you came and snatched me from his hands, at the same time hurling him off the bridge. I caught one glimpse of your face as it was revealed by the lightning, and then I fainted. When I recovered consciousness it was raining and I was alone on the bridge."

"And Cyril Staythorne?" I asked.

"Was found the following day floating a corpse on Crooked river."

My story ends here. I have already told you that Editha is my wife. I cannot explain the mystery of my dream. I can only write the question that I have asked myself a thousand times:

Was it a dream?—William T. Patten

in Yankee Blade.

Origin of Long Measure.

Our measures of length originated in the dawn of civilization, and come to us through the Anglo-Saxons. The yard was originally the length of a king's arm; the foot, the length of his pedal extremities. The word inch is derived from the Latin *uncia*, a twelfth part, but why the foot was divided into twelfths, instead of tenths or elevenths, no one claims to be wise enough to tell. It has been suggested that probably the inch was originally the length of the second joint of the forefinger, and that twelve of these about equal the length of the forearm, which averages about one foot in length.

The inch used to be divided into three "barley-corns," which were simply the length of the grain or "corn" of the barley. The "mile" was reckoned at 1,000 paces, as its name shows, for it is derived from the first word of the Latin phrase *millia passuum*, "a thousand paces." The origin of the "rod" is doubtful.—St. Louis Republic.

A Tall Tree Story.

Fresno county, Cal., now comes to the front and claims ownership of the "largest large tree." A party of bear hunters, it is said, located it in the Sierras, in the most rugged portion of the mountains, two miles north of Kentucky Meadows. It was surrounded for a mile by almost impenetrable underbrush, so that the hunters were compelled to use both knife and ax to get to it. As three brown bears were captured near it no doubt the hunters crept forward with bated breath. What sort of "bait" may be inferred from their report that the tree was 120 feet in circumference four feet from the ground.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Knee Breeches and Silk Stockings.

And so knee breeches and silk stockings are to be the fashion for full dress occasions in England this winter. And why not in America as well? Long have gentlemen in society struggled to be allowed to make some distinction between their own dress and that of the waiters. But fashion or custom is inexorable. A year or two ago a very sensible society lady in New York gave a ball, at which the gentlemen were requested to appear in variously colored garments. The result was charming, a revival of the days of Louis and of the Charleses. But the fashion this set, or attempted to be set, did not continue. Why not no one can tell.

After this one ball was over the crimson and blues and purples were laid aside and appeared no more, and their owners reappeared in their somber "claw hammers." To resume the garb of our forefathers for ordinary wear would be an absurdity, but to revive these graceful and elegant garments for dress occasions would certainly be good taste and could not be unfavorably received by the ladies. The revival of the silk stockings and breeches in English society is perhaps a forerunner of some such revolution. Already we of this country are growing sensible in the matter of summer attire; why should we not grow sensible as well in our garments for social occasions?—Boston Advertiser.

Naming Colts.

Naming colts as they are brought into the world on a big stock raising farm might seem to be a simple operation; but, just as when the parents of a dozen children find themselves short of names and have to resort to a Biblical or classical terminology, so do the owners of a lot of horses kept for the purpose of raising short of names. Who has failed to notice the odd nomenclature of the race course? The proprietor of a farm and a big lot of thoroughbreds in Pennsylvania has made a rule for himself. To all the colts born in the first year, under this rule, he gave names beginning with A. In the second year B, and so on. He put the idea into practice nine years ago, and has reached the letter I. Sometimes there are queer combinations of names. For instance, a colt was named Harmony, and the next year his brother had tackled him the name Impudence. As the breeder has fifteen colts this year to be named with names beginning with the letter L, he confesses himself puzzled to originate attractive and original names enough to go around.—New York Sun.

Punished for Being Honest.

John Brauman, a man bearing a good character, found a check at the Edinburgh exhibition. He could not read, and the friends to whom he showed the check advised him to keep it and look out for a reward. This he did, buying the Edinburgh papers for a month, at the end of which time he handed over the check to the police. He then got his reward.

He was prosecuted for not giving up the check within the prescribed time after finding it, and was brought before Bailie Walcott, who, although "he did not think there was any intention of theft," imposed a fine of £1, or two days' imprisonment, "it being too serious an affair for his lordship to pass by." The bailie therefore expressly finds that the man was not a thief. Why, then, the sentence? Evidently as a punishment for honesty, since if the man had destroyed the check instead of delivering it to the police he would never have got into trouble.—London Truth.

A Cool Thief.

A thief went through the Mount Vernon, O., Sanitarium the other day. He drove up to the door of the building in a buggy, hitched his horse, and went in. Soon after a lady patient entered her room and found a man there with a two foot rule measuring a window. Turning to her he said: "There seems to be only one slat broken out of that blind, and I've only found four so far in the house." He then went out and went through the other rooms, and, having completed his researches, got into his buggy and drove away. Soon after the lady who saw him in her room found that her purse, with \$17, was missing, and an investigation proved that the thief had ransacked all the rooms right before the eyes of the manager and all of his assistants.—Cleveland Leader.

Suggestions to Secretary Tracy.

Secretary Tracy is selecting names for cruises, and I would suggest for his consideration Raleigh, North Carolina, or Bell, in honor of Admiral Henry Bell, of Orange county, who lost his life in Japanese waters in 1867. Admiral Bell was in Perry's expedition that opened up Japan to the commerce of the world and was engaged in the fight with the *Potomac*. As we have had a *Roonke*, perhaps he might like the *Swannanoa*.—Raleigh (N. C.) News.

The Holy Carpet in Quarantine.

"The holy carpet," which is now being brought back to Cairo, where it will have to submit to the indignity of quarantine for ten days, is one of those which are periodically taken to Mecca, there to be sanctified, and is made of a thick sort of silk, embroidered with letters of gold, each letter being two feet in length and two inches broad. It covers what is known as the *Beat-Allah* or inner sanctuary of the temple.—Paris Galignani.

A Tell in Crockery.

I was amused by a sign that I saw the other day. It was prompted, no doubt, by the shop-keeper's enterprise, and announced a "Great Fall of Crockery and Furnishing Goods." Crockery that had suffered a very great fall you would hardly care to buy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

It Worked.

A woman at Lafayette, Ind., wanted to rid an urchin barrel of the odor. She dropped a live coal into the bung, and she won't be in walking order before Jan. 1. Nine-tenths of the barrel hit her at once, and the remainder crashed in the windows.—Detroit Free Press.

BOOTS & SHOES

Our

Stock is Now Complete

And Full of the Best Goods on the Market. We are still Sole

Agents for the Celebrated

Buell Waterproof Boots,

Also a Large Assortment of

MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES,

In all Grades. Heavy, Medium and Light Weights in Standard

Screwed.

HAND SEWED & MACHINE SEWED,

Hand-Turned, Goodyear Welts, in fact almost everything needed

the Boot and Shoe line.

STAGG & McROBERTS.

Stanford Lumber Yard,

The best selected stock and lowest prices in Central Kentucky.

LUMBER, SASH, FLOORING, LATH, DOORS, CEILING, SHINGLES, BLINDS, SIDING,

Verandah and Stairwork at city prices.

Manufacturers of WOVEN WIRE & SLAT FENCE.

We carry a full stock of everything found in a

FIRST-CLASS LUMBER YARD.

Examine our designs and specifications before letting your contract

for building.

SINE & MENEFEE, Stanford, Ky.

ROBERT FENZEL,

—Watch Inspector L. & N. R. R., dealer in—

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done. All Work Warranted.

Fine Watches a Specialty.

I will take old gold or silver in exchange for goods. (Stanford, Ky.)

H. C. RUPLEY,

Merchant Tailor,

Is Receiving His

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Goods Warranted and a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Give him a call.

Fine and Staple Groceries,

CORNER SOMERSET AND MAIN STREETS.

Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses, Syrups, Honey, Salt, Vinegar, Starch, Candles, Lard, Flour, Meal.

FARINACEOUS GOODS:

Spices, Cheese, Maccaroni, Flavoring Extracts, Raisins, Figs, Citron, Prunes, Currants, Parlor and Hall Lamps, Full Line of Plain and Fancy Candles, Queensware and Tinware.

MARK HARDIN.

DRUGS and JEWELRY

Drugs, Books and Stationery, Paints, Oils and Window Glass, Wall

Paper, Fine Cigars and Tobaccos, Watches, Clocks,

Jewelry and Silverware.

HAMPTDEN WATCH,

The Best Railroad Watch.

OUR MOTTO.—Good work; low prices; prompt attention. Complicated watch work and artistic engraving a specialty. B. H. DANKS



B. H. DANKS, Jeweler.

J. S. WELLS, Ph. G. Presc. Clk.

W. B. McROBERTS,

in Street, Opp. Court-House, STANFORD, KY.

W. P. WALTON.

THE Louisville Times of the 11th contains a most amusing account of Granger Emmett G. Logan's visit to the city for the purpose of disposing of his crop of pumpkins and garden sass, accompanied by life-like pictures of the distinguished ex-journalist. The cut of his coat, the abbreviation of his trousers and the size of his feet are all portrayed with wonderful and artistic truthfulness to nature which would make them easily recognizable, it the name of the original was not printed with them. Of course the voracious Granger was meat for the confidence men and the way he was worked by the three card monte fellows, his timely rescue by his promising six-year-old and his final wind up in one of the many temperance resorts in the city are glowingly depicted.

Justice is sometimes very slow, but it has at last overtaken John Blyev, of Lewis county. Twenty-two years ago he killed a whole family of colored people and on being tried for it by the U. S. court was condemned to death. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court which held that the U. S. court had no jurisdiction and remanded it to the Lewis circuit court. While this legal fight was going on, Blyev escaped and has since been in hiding. He was captured recently and on being tried last week was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. It is to be hoped that no further technicalities can be taken advantage of to prevent the infliction of the long-delayed and richly-merited punishment.

The successor of Senator Wade Hampton was chosen by the South Carolina legislature on the 4th ballot when the Farmers' Alliance candidate triumphed. His name is John Laurens Manning. Irby and he has had no legislative experience. He was educated at the University of Virginia and Princeton and is said to be a man of much force of character. His age is but 37. Gen. Hampton has not made a brilliant Senator but he is a true man to his State and country and is universally respected. He could not take up with the new order of things in his State and the result was that he is thrown overboard when he most needs the office, for he is old and poor.

The distinguished editor of the Courier-Journal and the original tariff reformer, Hon. Henry Watterson, and his good wife, will celebrate the 25th anniversary of their marriage at their home in Louisville, Dec. 20 from 8 until 12 p. m. The invitations are printed in silver and are very handsome. Mr. Watterson does not look as if he had seen 25 years of married life, nor would one suspect that he is a grand-lather. He doesn't look more than 40, but it has been more than half a century since he first looked upon the world in which he was to become so important a figure.

Another Kentucky newspaper, with its type, presses and books, went up in flames Friday—the Lebanon Standard and Times, only partially covered by insurance. B. Mahon & Co. lost their stock of groceries, valued at \$1,600, and Mr. W. B. Harrison lost his library. The total loss on buildings and stocks is about \$7,500. We sympathize with our brethren of the quill and trust they will soon be on their pegs again. Meanwhile the Enterprise has turned its office over to them and other ways offered to assist.

FAILURES are reported by the dozens in every part of the country, yet President Harrison had the hardihood to say in his message "the general trade and industrial conditions throughout the country during the year have improved." Like the ostrich, which buries his head in the sand and thinks he is hid, the president looks at the \$50,000 that the country gives him for acting as its chief executive officer and imagines that everybody is doing well because he has got a fat thing.

It is stated that Col. Weden Ornel, of Covington, is making efforts to secure the republican nomination for governor of this State. He may be a very good man, but he is not known outside of his district. If the republicans want to give the democrats any amusement whatever in that race, they should nominate Col. W. O. Bradley, the magnetic orator from Garrard, who can make more friends and poll more votes than any other man of his politics in the State.

The Louisville Times wants to know what are the extreme cases in which swearing is permissible. Well, most any of the evils to which a printing office is heir. For instance, to have one engine blow out just as you are ready for press and on steaming up another to have it refuse to move a peg, as was our experience last week. In such cases it seems not only allowable, but absolutely necessary.

It takes \$150,000,000 this year to pay the expenses of the Federal government, which is far from being economically administered. On the contrary, quite the reverse. Everything goes in these extravagant and reckless times of republican rule.

In a suit growing out of land titles in Lawrence county, Ky., before Judge Howell E. Jackson, of the U. S. Court, at Covington, he held that wherever junior patents covered or lapped on to elder and Virginia grants, to that extent such junior patents were void and passed no title to patentee. The settlement of the questions in this case will stand as a leading case by which the land titles and land litigation will be determined, and will have a great tendency to adjust and quiet land litigation in Eastern Kentucky, especially in the Big Sandy Valley, which is so much desired by the leading and enterprising citizens of that region.

MURAT HALSTEAD, the erstwhile fire eater, rebel annihilator and bloody shirt bowler, takes no stock in the bill to put a bayonet behind each ballot as Senator Frye would have it. Says he in his letter to the Commercial Gazette: "Their is a great diversity of opinion as to the fate of the so-called force bill, but the common sense people of the country are sorry to see good time wasted on it. There can be no earthly advantage in it."

A REPUBLICAN hands us a list of the increased tariff under the McKinley bill on certain farm products, which while it looks like an effort to benefit the farmer, is nothing more than an attempt to hoodwink him. As this country produces an excess of nearly everything upon which the tariff is increased, the way-faring man though a fool can see that there is no advantage in any kind of a tariff on such articles to the farmer, or anybody else.

The decision of the Superior Court that the proprietors of gambling houses are responsible to the losers at a game, will not cut much figure with them. There is a certain amount of honor even among thieves and gamblers generally know their men. Besides it is a mighty poor man who goes into a skin game and squeals when he fails to do for the others what they have done for him.

COL. MCCARTY, of the Jessamine Journal, hasn't got any woman to swap that anybody knows of, yet he exclaims: "O, woman, woman! You ruined Adam, you tried to ruin Joseph, you ruined Samson, you ruined George Barnwell, you have ruined Farnell—yet nevertheless and notwithstanding, we wouldn't swap one woman for 12 dozen men!"

The apportionment bill presented in Congress Friday increases the membership to 350, or one to each 170,000 population. Under it Kentucky gains a member and so do several of the southern States.

MANY of our readers may not remember it, but it is just 117 years-to-day since the Bostonians boarded the vessels in the harbor and throw all that tea into the water and spoiled it.

NEWS CONDENSED

—Mike Alcorn, McKinney, has been granted a pension.

—D. Miller has been appointed traffic manager of the Q. & C.

—Miles Ogle, the famous counterfeit-er, was convicted at Memphis.

—In Covington 200 saloons have already taken out the increased license.

—It seems to be the impression at Washington that the Force bill is dead.

—An English syndicate is trying to buy up all the type foundries in this country.

—The great dry goods firm of Bell, Miller & Co., Cincinnati, has failed for \$265,000.

—Salt has been found near Kanapolis, Kan., at a depth of 140 feet. The vein is 240 feet thick.

—Luther Tribune killed Fido Blair at Jellico with a bed slat in a row over a game of cards.

—Hopkinsville elected democratic officers with the exception of two councilmen Saturday.

—The Boston Ideal Opera Co. stranded in Louisville, which is said to be a theatrical grave-yard.

—John Pettilliot was given 99 years in the penitentiary for murdering his wife at Columbus, Ind.

—B. F. Shaw, inventor of seamless stockings and machine to knit them, is dead in Lowell, Mass.

—Ex-State Senator Arnold killed himself at Anadilla, N. Y., when he found he was defeated for re-election.

—The Federation of Labor has selected the coal miners' organization as the next to demand an 8 hour day.

—There are 157,758 miles of railroad in the U. S. and with side tracks, second tracks and spurs, 200,049 miles.

—Three prominent members of the last legislature have declined to offer for re-election—Settle, Cox and Thomas.

—The army of France shows up at nearly 4,000,000 strong, and costs about half as much per year as our pensions.

—All the Clark thread-mills have been shut down indefinitely, on account of the strike and 3,000 are thrown out of work.

—Charles G. Jefferson, of Clifton, Mass., has broken the amateur lifting record, raising 1,571 pounds with his hands.

—In the last 19 months the government has added \$100,000,000 to the currency of the country, and still there is a cry of scarcity of money.

—Judge Jackson, of the U. S. court, has made an order restraining Typographical Union No. 3, from boycotting the Covington Commonwealth.

—The crew of a British ship were found frozen to death in the Black Sea, standing stiff and stark at their respective posts. Only 3 of the 25 survived.

—According to the latest news from China a powder factory has blown up and killed 300 men, and one-half of a large city has been destroyed by fire.

—Fort Worth, Texas, is on a boom, among other things doing there being the purchase of a \$150,000 hotel site, on which a \$750,000 building is to be erected.

—White Caps visited the house of Thomas Burgess, a farmer living in Meade county, to whip him. He shot and killed one and badly wounded two others.

—Ellen Williams, who was accidentally shot at Jellico, the bullet entering the back and lodging in the womb, has given birth to a 15 pound boy and both are doing well.

—Seven of the young ladies who were given an entertainment at Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio, were seriously burned by the ornaments of paper and cotton on their dresses catching fire.

—The Court of Appeals has decided that the proprietor of Seelbach's Hotel, Louisville, must pay back to R. S. Triplett, Jr., the money he lost at poker, because he profited by the take-out.

—Murderer Blanchard was artistically worked off at Sherbrooke, Que., by the official hangman of the dominion. The dispatches state that no unpleasant incident occurred during the performance.

—At Paines Valley, I. T., Senator Sam Paul, of the Chickasaw legislature, quarreled with his son over a woman of bad repute and they fought a duel, in which the son was killed and the father seriously wounded.

—It is stated that a little battle with the Indians in the Bad Lands has occurred and that three Indians were killed, but it is possibly not true. Gen. Miles probably wants to make out like he is doing something.

—A bill has been prepared to be introduced in the Indiana Legislature providing that children born out of wedlock shall take the father's name, be supported and educated by him, and become an heir to his estate.

—The Richmond Register says the fishing privileges of the water works reservoir has been rented to C. S. Powell, who will stock it with fish. The Lexington reservoir rents for \$300 and the renter clears \$800 a year on it.

—The Druid Mills Manufacturing Co., of Baltimore, the largest cotton duck manufacturers in the United States, have made an assignment. The company gave employment to 250 operators and consumed 40 bales of cotton daily.

—The theatrical managers of Georgia are wrought up over the bill which is intended to tax theatrical companies \$25 for every Georgia city or town they play in. Some of the managers are talking about closing their houses if the bill passes.

—The C. & O. having secured a perpetual lease on the Orange & Gordonsville branch of the R. & D. and truckage arrangement with that road to Washington, it has now a line practically its own from Cincinnati to the capital.

—Judge Elliott, at Pine Bluff, Ark., in sentencing a man to be hung on Thursday, against the usual custom, explained that Jesus Christ was crucified on Friday and he would not insult His memory by sentencing a murderer to hang on that day.

—A Georgetown undertaker makes the statement that he buried 1875 people in four years in that city, and only two of the number died of consumption. This is indeed a remarkable fact. This same man says that 20 people die every year in Anderson county of consumption.

—Experiments by Yankee fishermen along the Florida coast have proven so far satisfactory that a number of large schooners, manned by hardy and experienced skippers, have gone there from New England to catch mackerel, mullet and red snappers for the American market.

—Gen. Lyon having declined the appointment of warden of the Eddyville penitentiary, C. L. Curry, of Morganfield, has been appointed in his stead and Hon. S. O. Nunn, of Crittenden, deputy warden. A large number of convicts have been transferred to that prison from Frankfort.

—According to Dr. Loomis, the eminent New York physician who has returned from Berlin, every drop of Dr. Koch's lymph is worth \$1,300, and a phial containing 60 drops would have an actual commercial value of \$78,000. This calculation is based on the assumption that a drop of the lymph, when diluted, will furnish 130 injections, and every injection will be worth \$10 to the physician making it. A drop of the liquid is worth three times as much as a fine diamond the same size.

—The farmers' alliance people seem to be in earnest about the third party movement. A call has been issued for a meeting of delegates at Cincinnati Feb. 23, 1891, for the purpose of forming "a national union party, based upon the fundamental ideas of finance, transportation, labor and land." The call for delegates from the independent party, the people's party, the late Federal and Confederate soldiers, the farmers' alliance, the farmers' mutual benefit association, the citizens' alliance, the knights of labor, the colored farmers' alliance and all other industrial organizations that support the principles of the St. Louis agreement of December, 1890.

What Means This All?

These Shouts of Joy! These Happy Hurrahs! It means that our ship is in and

SANTA CLAUS IS ABOARD.

With the heaviest cargo of Christmas and Holiday Goods ever landed in Stanford. His proclamation is, sell everything in all departments of our vast establishment at lowest prices ever named in this town and vicinity.

MAKE THE PEOPLE HAPPY,

And give them the Grandest Bargains of their lives. We will carry out old Santa's manifesto to the very letter. We will sell Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Trunks, Shoes, Carpets and Fancy Plush Goods at the lowest prices ever quoted to human beings, creating one of the grandest and most remarkable Holiday and Bargain Sales ever promulgated from the columns of the Interior Journal. Nothing will be considered. Costs, profits, values, all ignored. Christmas and New Year is the time when one's friends and relatives are presented with

SOME COMMEMORATIVE TOKEN,

In the shape of a useful or ornamental article. We offer in every department an extraordinary opportunity to supply these wants with the highest character of merchandise at greatly reduced prices. We will also soon give away that handsome Plush Parlor Set; so secure as many tickets as possible.

THE + LOUISVILLE + STORE

Main Street, Stanford, Ky.

M. SALINGER, Manager.

Let Your New House Dry Out.

Many houses were built during the summer, and now people are hurrying into them, not stopping to think that there is too great haste in occupying a house after its completion. In many places there is such demand for dwellings, and often business apartments, that, as soon as finished, they are occupied. This is especially true of small dwellings. There is more danger in this than is supposed. There is no health in dampness and mold under any circumstances, and in living apartments, where the tendency is toward poor ventilation, the dampness of newly finished houses contributes largely to ill health.

In the town of Basel, Switzerland, a regulation has been adopted which prevents newly built houses from being occupied until four months after completion. Under many circumstances so long a time as above specified is not necessary, but it is often well to err on the side of safety. The size of the house, its location, surroundings, the material used and the state of the weather enter into the consideration of the time necessary in which a building should become sufficiently dry for occupancy.—New York Journal.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Harrisonville will be held at their banking house in Harrisonville the second Tuesday in January, 1891, which is the 15th, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the second Tuesday in January, 1891, which is the 15th, for the purpose of electing eleven Directors to serve the ensuing year.

\$100.00 Reward.

Strayed or stolen, about 3 weeks ago, from my pasture near Point Leavel, Garrard county, three yearling MULES; one bay mare mule, one black do, and the other a black horse mule. I will give \$50 reward for the return of the mules and \$50 for the conviction of the thief.

Commercial Hotel,

McKINNEY, KY.,

J. S. GOODE, Prop.

First-Class Accommodations at very Reasonable Rates.

Special Attention to Commercial Men.

Good Livery in connection.

TAR-OLD PILES

THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR

SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, WOUNDS, BURNS, SORES, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, &c.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

Send three two-cent stamps for free sample box and book.

TAR-OLD SOAP

ABSOLUTELY PURE, FOR MEDICINAL, TOILET, BATH, AND NURSERY PURPOSES.

TAR-OLD CO., Chicago, Ill.

For sale by A. R. Penny and M. L. Bourne, Stanford.

J. B. FOSTER'S

You will find

Dick's Famous Feed Cutters; the Cincinnati Water Purifier, the best Elevator made;

The Buckeye Force Pump, every one of which is guaranteed. Salt, Lime and Cement; a full stock of Wagon Material and Shelf Hardware; full line of Ranges and Cook Stoves, among them Bridgeford's Economist; Columbian; Heating Stoves, Enamelled and Plain Grates. Harness, Saddles, &c. Staple and Fancy Groceries. You will receive polite attention, and, best of all, rock bottom prices.

A. A. WARREN'S

"Model Grocery"

HOLIDAY GOODS.

His stock is large and complete. He has an elegant line of

Vases, Glass, Baskets, Salad Dishes in China,

Decorated China Plates & Fruit Saucers, Cups and Saucers,

Beautiful Water Sets, Toys and a Thousand and One Things in China and Glass.

Also Oranges, Lemons, Nuts, Cocoa Nuts, Figs, Dates and the Finest and Purest Candies that can be bought.

The Old Reliable Jeweler



A. R. Penny

Has the largest and MOST COMPLETE STOCK

OF

Watches and Jewelry

ever shown in Stanford at prices as low as the lowest.

Remember that I have one of the best watch-makers in the State, who can do anything in Watch or Jewelry Repairing. Don't have to send jobs to the city. Engraving of all kinds beautifully done. Old gold and silver taken at market price. Your trade and work is solicited and I guarantee satisfaction.

A. R. PENNY.

MEANS BUSINESS.

EVERYBODY invited to call at A. R. Penny's and examine his stock of beautiful and useful holiday presents.

PERSONAL P. NTS.

MR. F. R. RAIN, of Wayne, was in town Saturday.

Mrs. E. P. OWALKY, who has been quite sick, is better.

MR. AND MRS. J. P. DAVIS are visiting relatives in Winchester.

REV. H. C. MORRISON passed up to Pineville yesterday to hold a revival.

MISS JESSIE AND EVA BUCHANAN, of Crab Orchard, are guests of Miss Essie Burch.

MISS MARY, MARGARET AND JANE WALKER, of Garrard, are visiting at Mr. A. K. DENNEY'S.

Mrs. FRANK HARRIS and Albert went to Chillicothe, O., yesterday to spend the Christmas.

CLAYTON BOARD, of Harrodsburg, is here attending Mr. James Wickersham, who is very ill.

MISS MATTIE DENNY, of Garrard, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. S. Hooker, en route to Harrodsburg.

Mrs. L. C. MONTGOMERY has moved from Fort Scott, Kansas, to Columbia, Mo., to educate her children in the University of Missouri.

Mrs. J. M. BUCK, with her pretty little daughter, LAVERNE, arrived from Glasgow yesterday to visit her mother, Mrs. N. A. TYLER.

MISS DOLLY WILLIAMS, who endeavored herself to all during the Shakespeare rehearsals and who so ably led the orchestra through the opera, left yesterday for her home in Hustonville.—Lexington Press.

Our excellent Crab Orchard correspondent, Mr. R. Lee Davis, has secured Mr. W. J. Edmonson to report the news of that section during his absence and that gentleman's initial letter appears in this issue.

EDITOR E. B. SMITH, of the Mt. Vernon Signal, was here yesterday, but he felt so large at being elected city judge Saturday, he did not deem to make this office a call. A prohibition board of trustees was elected at the same time.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK HARRIS arrived from Earlinton Friday and everybody was glad to see them. They are at present at the Myers House, but will go to house keeping after the holidays. Mr. Harris assumed his duties as master of trains on this division yesterday.

CITY AND VICINITY.

BEAR ZIMMERMAN'S "HOL." FRESH car-load of salt at J. B. Foster's.

ALL kinds of produce wanted. A. T. Nunnally.

FOR RENT.—The cottage we live in. Lizzie and Mary Beazley.

THERE will be a Christmas tree at Hall's Gap church Dec. 25.

PARENTS, bring the little folks to Hilton's, Junction City, to see the large sick of candy. It weighs 57 pounds.

MR. JOHN M. HALL has built an addition to his residence, the Pate Emory house, and is otherwise beautifying and improving it.

WHILE reading the many holiday advertisements in this issue, don't fail to read the one of E. M. Ware, the boss merchant at McKinney.

ROWLAND.—For photograph cards all styles for 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1 per dozen; best cabinet \$1.50 per dozen during the holidays, go to F. Cordier.

FOR RENT.—The property now occupied by Dr. J. K. VanArsdale in Stanford, Ky. Possession given January 1. Jas. T. Craig, Agent, Hustonville, Ky.

THE gentlemen who propose joining the K. P. lodge will treat the visitors from Somerset and other points, who will assist in the initiation Friday night, to an elegant lunch, served by R. Zimmerman, the well-known caterer.

WE believe that our readers will agree with us that this is a pretty good double issue. The next will be just as large and a little better. There is nothing small about us and our advertisers. Read their suggestions, act on them and be happy.

FREIGHT train 38, Capt. J. B. Douglas, conductor, ran into 34, Capt. Reid conductor, at Broadhead, turning two cars over and injuring one engine. The trouble seems to have arisen by 34 stopping and not sending out the signal far enough.

THE great box case between J. E. Bruce and Alex. Martin was decided in favor of the latter by Judge Varnon, Friday. It is said that fully a half dozen men swore that the box was theirs and did not belong to either of the contestants. The case will likely go to a higher court.

HOLIDAY GOODS at A. A. Warren's.

OHIO RIVER and Michigan Salt at Hilton's, Junction City, Ky.

HIGHEST cash price paid for hides and furs at M. F. Elkin & Co's.

TAKE your eggs to Joe S. Jones' and get 20 cts. Opposite Portman House.

HILTON, Junction City, has the largest stock of Xmas goods south of the Ohio River.

ORANGES, bananas, Malaga grapes, lemons and nuts of all kinds. S. S. Myers.

DANGEROUS.—Cheap candy is unhealthy. Go buy the pure, recommended by physicians, from W. B. McRoberts.

THE Record says that Mr. J. P. Sandifer lost his residence at Middleshoro by fire last week. It was valued at \$1,500 and insured for \$1,200.

RACHEL WITHERS, a middle aged woman, was brought here by Samuel Flint and C. F. Eates to be tried for lunacy. An inquiry was held before Judge Varnon and a jury yesterday and she was ordered to an asylum.

THE L. & N. will take charge of the Kentucky Central, January 1. This will be good news to the Lauckstrans and others along the line to Richmond. The new owners will improve the road at once and put on fast trains to Richmond.

A. R. PENNY is still selling watches, clocks and anything in the jewelry line at cost. They are selling like hot cakes. The stock is kept up, new goods arriving almost daily. But bear in mind that they sell for cash only. Bring the money with you.

ANOTHER wreck on the C. & C. Sunday. By the negligence of a female telegraph operator, two freight trains collided at Elko Station, south of Somerset. Brakenman J. G. Stevens was killed and Engineer Hall received fatal injuries and great damage was done engine and cars.

THERE is a great deal of sickness here now for the time of the year, principally intermittent malarial fever. Mr. W. A. Fribble has been very ill with it, but was better yesterday; Mrs. Nape Hughes is some better. Mrs. D. W. Vandever has it, so has James Wickersham, Dick Newland and several others, making 10 or 12 cases here and at Rowland.

JUDGE VARNON'S COURT was occupied nearly two days in the trial of J. N. Menefee vs. H. H. Cash for a claim amounting to \$164 for a harvesting machine. Mr. Cash put in a counter claim for damages, but it didn't go and he was indicted in the full amount and costs, the latter amounting to \$40 or more. Mr. Menefee was represented by R. C. Warren and J. B. Paxton and Mr. Cash by J. S. Owsley, Jr.

OUR Middleburg correspondent says a couple of Boyle county sports came down to the "hills of Casey" as they called them to trespass on the birds there. They stopped at Yosemite and getting too much blind tiger whiskey they sallied forth shooting at huzzards for birds and young pigs for rabbits. He advises them when next they essay to come to the hills that they give Yosemite the cold shoulder or they may get into trouble.

IN order to increase the value of the cold wave warnings, the weather bureau has decided to lessen the number and confine them to the more pronounced cases, when it is expected that they will be so sharp and sudden as to interfere with comfort or cause damage. Ohio, Kentucky, West Virginia and Indiana are included in the district in which the fall of temperature must be 18° or more or to 34° or below to justify a cold wave warning.

THE Middleboro News says that a tremendous mass meeting of citizens was held at the Opera House Friday night to protest against the reckless extravagance of the city council. Resolutions were adopted condemning the course of the councilmen in voting themselves \$6 a night without authority of law, creating a sort of close corporation for the letting of contracts among themselves at fabulous figures, paying enormous salaries, &c. The resignation of all councilmen holding contracts or running saloons was demanded. The resolutions were drafted by a committee composed of J. P. Sandifer, Isaac Woodson, J. Roe Young and others.

IT has been rumored around for some time that W. M. Dudderar and B. G. Pennington had found a silver mine over the Tennessee line. The Middleboro News, of Sunday confirms the report and says that they have sold their flour, feed and grocery business there and leased 35,000 acres of land lying about seven miles west of Tazewell, Tenn., upon which is lead, zinc and silver in abundance. They have sunk two shafts 168 feet through the mineral which assays 74 per cent. lead, 3 per cent. silver and a good percentage of zinc. In some localities the silver is found in greater proportion. It is stated that the Kansas City Smelting Co. has contracted to take all their ore at \$24 a ton. A railroad is now being built to the mines from the K. C. G. & L., and there is every indication that the Lincoln county men have struck a good thing. We certainly hope so.

UP to this time there have been no shows booked for Christmas. The next to come is Duncan Clark's Female Minstrels, Jan. 5th and the McGibbeny Family, Jan. 9th.

THE streets were as dark as Erebus Sunday night and people had to grope their way through goods boxes and other obstructions with imminent danger to life and limb, as they went to and from worship. There seems to be no head to our municipal affairs, each subordinate being permitted to do as he pleases.

THE Evansville, Ind., Courier pays Mr. Frank Harris a very high compliment for his loyalty, suavity, uniform courtesy and careful attention to duties and says he has endeared himself to the public which joins in hearty congratulations over his deserved promotion. On his departure Mr. Harris set up a splendid dinner at the Vendome, which was heartily enjoyed by his railroad and other friends.

SUNDAY night while Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Tate were at church a thief entered their residence through a front window and went through to the third room. In that a little white boy was sleeping by the fire and the dog was also there. The boy saw the man light a match, but at that moment the dog took after him and he made his escape without taking anything that can be discovered. Some of these scoundrels are going to get shot the first thing they know and we hope to record the fact before many issues.

THE Casey circuit court is experiencing great difficulty in getting a jury to try Laurence Brown, the man who shot Bab Effe to death in the court room and in the presence of acting judge, J. W. Yerkes. Mr. J. W. Alcorn, who came up from Liberty Sunday, says that notwithstanding the case was called Wednesday, but five jurors had been obtained at the time he left. An order had been issued to the sheriff to have 50 men from Russell yesterday morning and it is likely that the remaining seven jurors were obtained from them as the Commonwealth had only one and the defense but three challenges left.

MANY FINES.—Neal Wicks, the young man who bought Mr. J. P. Steele's drug store at Hustonville, was brought before Judge Varnon yesterday on 12 warrants charging him with keeping a tippling-house. Upon the trial of them, he was fined \$50 in some and \$20 in one, the proof in the latter showing that the charge should have been remitted. For Mr. Wicks Warren, Hill & McRoberts, demurred to the proceedings on the ground that the county judge has no jurisdiction in such cases. The county attorney and Col. W. G. Welch represented the Commonwealth and claimed that under the law giving the county judge concurrent jurisdiction with the circuit judge in cases where the fines are less than \$100, Judge Varnon had the right to try the cases. It has been the custom to proceed by indictment in the circuit court.

A TRAGEDY Averted.—Last week Mrs. H. C. Herring, of Lancaster, left home in a mysterious manner and came to this place to take the train, where her husband, Dr. Herring, and others found her and induced her to return home. The Lancaster Record noted the affair, as it had created considerable excitement in its town, and said the freak was caused by mental aberration. The matter could not have been handled in a more cautious and delicate manner. Yet it appears that Dr. Herring took mortal offense at it and Friday morning attacked Mr. Marrs with a knife. Fortunately friends interfered and prevented a possible tragedy. While we are not personally acquainted with Dr. Herring, we have always heard him highly spoken of and are surprised that he should be guilty of conduct which seems both unbecoming and unlawful, that is if there is nothing more in the matter than appears on the surface. Bro. Marrs is an eminently peaceable and conservative man and is further from giving needless offense than any we know.

SPECIAL detectives for the L. & N. claim to have discovered a big conspiracy among train men on the Short Line to rob and wreck freight cars. One conductor was arrested Sunday and many more arrests, they say, will follow. The object of the men, it is charged, was partly booty and party revenge for the defeat of a strike some months ago.—C.J.

W. H. Traylor has bought 600 barrels of corn at \$2 to \$2.10 delivered. He tells us that he has a democratic storekeeper this week, R. R. Gentry supplying Mr. J. H. Swope's place in his absence. Mr. Traylor is making 5 barrels of whiskey a day now.

THE Farmers' Alliance of Senator Ingalls' home county, have adopted resolutions recommending his retirement from the Senate and the election to his seat of a Farmers' Alliance man.

THE steamer Baton Rouge struck a snag in the lower Mississippi and went to the bottom of the river. Two dark hands lost their lives. The vessel and cargo were valued at \$175,000.

IT is not theory, but a condition, which confronts you, Mr. Harrison. With an annual income of \$450,000,000 in time of profound peace, your treasury is empty.—Enquirer.

HOUGH Bros. offered Fred Tatal \$10,000 to ride their stables in 1891, but Tatal had already been booked to ride for A. F. Walcott for \$12,000.

DIAMONDS.

We have the largest and finest assortment of precious stones ever introduced here and are sure to please the most fastidious. Everything goes

REGARDLESS OF COST

Our stock comprises the latest designs in Rich Gold Jewelry, Fine Gold, Silver and Nickel Watches, Sterling Silverware, Oak and Walnut Clocks and elegant Bronzes—in fact, everything that is beautiful. No old stock to work off, but only new goods at the Lowest Prices.

Enough to Make a Wonder.

Books, Toys, Dolls, Doll Buggies, Wagons, Sleds, Tool Sets and Hobby Horses, Toilet Cases in Plush and Metal; the largest assortment of New Games ever shown. Useful, appropriate and ornamental

XMAS GIFTS.

Come and see the Grandest Display ever placed before the public. Come early, as first come are first served and we are in a continual rush. Our House is Headquarters for HOLIDAY GOODS.

W. B. McROBERTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC SALE.

Having sold my farm, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder on

Friday, January 2, 1891,

All my personal property, consisting of Twenty head of horse stock, combined saddle and harness Sallion and Jack. I have colts of both which will show breeding qualities. I have of work oxen, Milk Cows and some young cattle, so fat they will at stock fairs, some thoroughbred Berkshire Sows, 20 Sheep, several good bred Mares, a King William, some of the best saddle and harness stock in the county. Wagons, Pug dog, Buckeye Mower, Hay Rake, Plow and Farming Utensils generally, Household and Kitchen Furniture, a good Piano and other things too tedious to mention.

Is the weather is too bad, sale will be continued from day to day until completed. Sale will be at my farm on the Hustonville and Bradfordville turnpike, 2 miles west of Hustonville, near J. F. Alston's Store.

DR. J. P. FLANAGAN, Powers Store, Casey Co., Ky.

COMBEST & ALLEN,

LIVERYMEN,

Hustonville, - Kentucky.

First-Class Turnouts

Furnished at the lowest living rates.

Give us a call when in this section.

COOK & BOGLE,

THE MILLINERS.

Hustonville, - - - Ky.,

Invite the public to call and see their beautiful line of

Trimmed Hats.

Work done artistically and on short notice. A portion of your patronage is solicited.

GO TO—

B. F. ROUT & CO.,

FOR—

BARGAINS

IN—

Dry Goods, Groceries,

Boots, Shoes, Candies, &c.,

As cheap as can be found. Come and see us and be convinced.

JOHN CARRIER,

ROWLAND, KY.,

—Dealer in—

Fruits, Confectioneries & Fancy Groceries,

Desires to call the attention of the public to the completeness of his stock and invites inspection of it. He will have a display of CHRISTMAS GOODS, which he invites every citizen of Rowland to see. Remember you can get a good lunch at any hour at his First-Class Restaurant.

REMOVED!

I have removed my office to my residence, opposite Female College, where I will be found at all times.

HUGH REID.

COME TO HEADQUARTERS

—FOR YOUR—

Christmas Fruits and Candies,

—BANANAS,—

Florida Oranges, Malaga Grapes, Lemons, Apples,

Cocoanuts, Figs, English Walnuts, Almonds and Pecans.

We have just received from Louisville the largest and nicest stock of hand-made and fancy

MIXED FRENCH CANDIES

Ever brought to Stanford. Our stock is entirely new and fresh. Call in and see for yourself.

FRESH OYSTERS AT ALL HOURS.

S. S. MYERS.

Mack Huffman,

Undertaker and Furniture Dealer,

Has just received a splendid lot of latest style

Antique and 16th Century Finish Chairs, with Silk, Plush and Crush Plush Seats.

TABLES IN SAME FINISH, OAK AND WALNUT, MARBLE TOP, PICTURES, COUCHES, &c., especially suitable for Christmas presents. His

General + Furniture + Line,

Consisting of Sets, Wardrobes, Chiffoniers, &c., is also complete and full. Give him a call.

J. S. Davis,

YOSEMITE, KY.,

Santa Claus' Headquarters.

I have on hand an unusually large supply of Holiday Goods and invite the people of this section to call and see them. My store is the place to buy Christmas supplies and my prices on that line of goods are extremely low.

I desire to thank my friends for their kind patronage during the year nearly closed and ask a continuance during 1891.

J. S. DAVIS, Yosemite.

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., - DECEMBER 16, 1890

W. P. WALTON.

NEWCOMB HOTEL

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

A. P. NEWCOMB, Prop.,
Mt. Vernon, Ky.

FOR RENT.

Having leased the Menzies Stable, I now offer my NEW STABLE on Lancaster street for rent. It has ten large box stalls and is the very best place in the county for a Jack and Horse stand for the coming season. A large cistern at the door. Call on or address
A. T. SUNNELL, Stanford.

I. M. BRUCE.

LIVERY, SALE AND FEED STABLE,
STANFORD, KY.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS. Horses and mules bought and sold. Only first-class horses and vehicles used in livery.

FALL, 1890.

Blue-Grass Nurseries.

Immense stock of fruit and ornamental trees. Grapevines, Apples, small trees, and everything for the lawn, orchard and garden. We have no agents, but will direct at low prices to the planter. Write for catalogue to
H. F. HILLENMEYER,
Lexington, Ky.

Farm For Sale.

I offer for sale privately the Henry Hester farm of 60 acres of bottom land on the River; 21 acres sown in wheat, up and all right balance in grass. The dwelling has 4 rooms; there is a new barn, good well, fine orchard and fencing nearly new. Terms, half cash, balance in one and two years, with interest. If not sold will be for rent. Possession given January 1, 1891.
J. W. ADAMS, Stanford, Ky.

Articles of Incorporation

Sec. 1. The undersigned, Christian Gooch, D. O. Gooch, Nathan Singleton, W. K. Reynolds, C. T. Gooch, citizens of Lincoln county, Ky., have this day associated ourselves together as incorporation, under the provisions of Chapter 36 of the General Statutes of Kentucky, under the name of the Olive Cemetery Company at Olive, Lincoln county, Ky.

Sec. 2. The general nature of the business of this corporation shall be to acquire real and personal property by purchase, gift, devise or in any other way, and to sell, convey and dispose of the same by sale or mortgage or otherwise; said property to be used for Cemetery purposes only.

Sec. 3. The amount of capital stock authorized to be issued in the name of the corporation shall consist of not more than two hundred (200) shares of the value of one dollar (\$1) each, the same to be sold in the time and place of the organization of this Company.

Sec. 4. The business of said corporation shall begin on the 10th day of October, 1890, and shall continue in business for twenty-five (25) years.

Sec. 5. The affairs of said corporation shall be conducted by a Board of Directors, composed of not less than five stockholders, the majority of whom shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. Said Directors shall be elected annually by the stockholders.

Sec. 6. The highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which this corporation shall subject itself shall be one-half of the paid up capital stock.

Sec. 7. The private property of the shareholders shall be exempt from the corporate debts.

Sec. 8. The Board of Directors shall have power to make and adopt such by-laws and regulations as they may deem proper, and by said by-laws may create such offices as may be necessary to carry on the business of said corporation and shall prescribe the duties of same.

Sec. 9. Any stockholder who becomes a member of this corporation by subscribing for one or more shares.

Sec. 10. This Company shall have power to receive donations by gift or by will in any other way and to loan money to stockholders, who shall give security by mortgage or any other safe method of security. The principal of said fund can never be used, but the interest can be used for Cemetery purposes.

In testimony of the foregoing, we the undersigned, have hereunto set our hands and affixed our names, this 10th day of November, 1890.

CHRISTIAN GOOCH,
D. O. GOOCH,
NATHAN SINGLETON,
W. K. REYNOLDS.

"Hello! Tom. Glad to see you, old fellow! It's almost ten years since we were married. Sit down; let's have an experience meeting. How's the wife?"

"Oh! she's so-so, same as usual, always wanting something I can't give her. She's always prying me with some dainty contrivance that adds to the comfort and beauty of our life here, and she's always 'merry as a lark.' When I ask how she manages it, she always laughs and says: 'Oh! that's my secret.' But I think I've discovered her 'secret.' When we married, we both knew we should have to be very careful, but she made one condition: she would have her Magazine. And she was right! I wouldn't do without the Magazine; and we saved Joe when he was sick with the croup, by doing just as directed in the Sanitarium Department. But I can't tell you half."

"What wonderful Magazine is it?"

"Demorest's Family Magazine, and—"

"What! Why that's what I wanted so bad, and I told her it was an extravagant waste of money. Well, my friend, that's where you made a grand mistake, and one you'd better rectify as soon as you can. I'll take your 'nephew' right here, on my wife's account; she's bound to have a Christmas in time for our wedding next month. My gold watch was the premium I got for getting up a club. Here's a copy, with the new Premium List for clubs—the bluest thing out! If you don't see in it what you want, you've only to write to the publisher and tell him what you want, whether it is a tack-hammer or a new carriage, and he will make special terms for you, either for a club, or for part-cash. Better subscribe right off and surprise Mrs. Tom. Only \$2.00 a year, will save fifty times that in six months. Or send 10 cents direct to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 13 East 14th Street, New York, for a specimen copy containing the Premium List."

—WE WILL SEND—

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

—IN CLUB WITH—

DEMOREST MAGAZINE

ONE YEAR FOR \$3.50.

W. P. WALTON, Stanford, Ky.

SPIRITUAL AFFAIRS.

REST COMETH AFTER ALL.

Though friends desert you in the race for fame,
Though fortune leaves you for some other goal;
Though you are blameless, yet receive much blame,
Though sorrow dwelleth deep within your soul,
Though life has been a failure, and you plod
Footsore and weary o'er this earthly ball,
Still if you have a faith, a trust in God,
Rest cometh after all.

Rest cometh after all, then higher climb;
Rest cometh after all, though wealth departs,
The world may blame you, yet rest abide still,
Shall drive the sorrow from your heart of woe;
Though life's sad failures make you onward plod,
Smile and weary till you reach the goal,
Still if you have a faith, a trust in God,
Rest cometh after all.

Rest cometh after all, then let us go
Forth to the duties of this fleeting life,
Bearing our Master's burdens, for we know
In Him is comfort and a rest from strife
And worldly sorrow, let our faith be shed
With love and mercy, while we ever call
Our friends to an eternal, mighty God,
Rest cometh after all.

Rest cometh after all, then as we seek
A higher life, a better, grander road,
Let us of Jesus as a savior speak,
For He will help us bear life's awful load
Of cares and sin, of doubt and grief,
Of earthly struggles, be they great or small.
We thank Thee, God, that life and trials are
Brief,
Rest cometh after all.
—Pittsburgh Dispatch

UNBELIEF WILL NOT SUCCEED.

The Gospel is Not to be Considered a Mathematical Problem.

It is well known to every regenerated Christian that there is a power of apprehending Divine spiritual truth through the affectional nature, which no man can possess or understand who, without loving God or desiring to be Christ-like, takes up the Gospel as though it were a mathematical problem to be solved coldly and alone by the intellect. God does not submit Himself to man for investigation as though He were an abstract science to be comprehended by a finite mind. He is beyond the reach of our intellects, as the patriarch Job understood three thousand years ago when he was asked by Zophar: "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is high as Heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than Sheol; what canst thou know?" But God has revealed Himself as a Person—our Father, the Fountain of Life, "the Giver of every good and perfect gift"—a Person whose works and ways can be understood in part by the mind, and who can be, and ought to be, loved with all the heart.

If the Gospel were like a system of science, to be acquired only by the intellect, it would be available to a small portion of the human race. Leaving out of view the millions of heathen who have no mental training for consecutive thought, there is a large number of men and women in our land who have neither the education nor the time to acquire a system of science; but all of them can love and trust a person like Jesus Christ. And herein may be found the reason why no system or form of idolatry can ever succeed against the Gospel. No skepticism makes any provision for the heart of man; every skeptic, of every school, addresses the intellect alone, and because it does require a little thinking to formulate even the absurdest theory of unbelief, the most of skeptics are intolerably conceited and egotistical. What proportion of our adult American citizens, if called upon without previous notice, could give the formulated unbelief of David Hume, Thomas Paine, Strauss, Renan or Ingersoll? Not one in a hundred thousand! Why? Not each of the unbelievers named laid claim to an intellectual system? Yes, but each is a system of *negativity*, in which no man's heart can find any interest, and therefore very few study what any one of them has written, so as to become familiar with his reasons for saying "no" to the affirmations of the Gospel. But while so few study the negations of unbelief, it would be difficult to find a ten-year-old boy or girl in the United States, where there are churches and Sabbath-schools, who could not tell the story of the cross; and thousands of adults, with but little education, have so thoroughly studied the doctrines of Christianity as to be able to defeat in argument their better educated skeptical neighbors who have taken special pains to cram their heads with stale second-hand objections to it.

How can we account for this difference of interest which we see everywhere between believers and unbelievers? Only by the fact that all kinds of idolatry ignore the wants of the human heart, while the Gospel recognizes and supplies those wants. A man with the weakest intellect possible to sanity has a heart which he knows was created to love; and by loving God, revealed through Christ, he receives an assurance in his heart that all the doctrines taught by Christ are true. Thus the Gospel, by providing the best educated thinkers' food for thought, so that the most learned sages can not exhaust its themes, and by providing, at the same time, for the affectional appetites, so that the most illiterate man can know the truth of its doctrines, shows that it is adapted to all classes; and this adaptation is no inconsiderable evidence that it came from God, who loves all men and desires their salvation. This heart-satisfying Gospel can never be defeated by heartless infidelity.—Western Christian Advocate.

GOLDEN RULE IN SOCIETY.

The Value of Sociableness Among God's Followers.

The unsocial Christian comes home at night jaded in body and weary in mind. He is fond of saying that he would rather wear out than rust out. After the evening meal he has no vitality left. In a neighbor's home, if he should go, he could carry no vivacity, for it has all been absorbed.

If he is not too busy to be sociable, he is unchristian. He prefers quiet to meeting people. He is better pleased

to draw himself into the shell of taciturnity than to converse. Hand-shaking is not an article of his creed. A passing nod is the amount of recognition which it suits him best to average to his friends.

If he is not busy and unchristian, he has not considered the value of sociableness. He has never regarded it as a form of Christian love. He has never thought of it as an expression of the interest in the welfare of others which is involved in Christian faithfulness. It has never occurred to him that it is the Golden Rule appearing in social life, enrich those who give not less than those who receive.

Certainly no church can afford to neglect it. A church is a Christian family, in the prosperity of which all its members have an interest. Now a family life is a social life. As it loses the social element it loses its distinctive character. Connected with the prosperity of the church is its usefulness, which is unavoidably impaired if it lacks the family spirit. Of the mighty forces which are garnered within it, and which it must economize in order to do its work as it should be done, none should remain unproductive.—Rev. S. C. Leonard, in Chicago Advance.

INSPIRE THEM BY FAITH.

A Great Service Man Can Render to His Fellow Creatures.

The greatest service which any man can render to his fellows is to inspire them with faith in themselves, to make them believe that they are capable of the highest things, to fill them continually with that deep confidence which springs, not from overstatement of self, but from a tremendous hold upon fundamental principles, an unconquerable faith in noble and worthy causes. There are few things impossible to those who believe; but most men are so surrounded by limitations, so beset by doubts, that they distrust their own powers and disbelieve the dreams of their hearts. Every man who has not utterly wrecked himself knows that he was born for the best things. This is the hope which life continually sets before him; his is the presence of God forever revealing itself in him. To hear this inner voice and follow it, to make aspiration, not a dream which lies like a sunset light on the horizon, but a quenchless star which burns forever before one's confident feet, is to put one's self in the line of the noblest success. There are men and women whose whole atmosphere is critical, skeptical and depressing; there are others out of whom confidence is breathed, and from whom strength goes forth unconsciously to themselves. They always appeal to that which is noblest in their fellows; they always inspire their fellows with new hope and fresh courage. There is no joy in life so great as to be one of these faith-inspirers, to have this sublime health of spirit which makes the very home of one's garments healing, and diffuses courage, hope and faith like an atmosphere through the world.—Christian Union.

OUR HOME TROUBLES.

Affliction Can Never Be Left Behind Us, No Matter Where We Go.

Bereavements are the trials that throw the red hearts of men to be crucified in the wine-press. Troubles at the store you leave at the store. Misrepresentation and abuse of the world you leave on the street where you found them. The lawsuits that would swallow your honest accumulations may be left in the court-room. Bereavements are home troubles, and there is no escape from them. You will see that vacant chair. Your eye will catch at the suggestive picture. You can only fly the presence of such ills. You go to Switzerland to get clear of them, but more sure-footed than the mule that takes you up the Alps, your troubles climb on the tip-top, and sit silencing on the glaciers. You may cross the seas, but they can outstrip the clipper or merchantman. You may take caravan, and put out across the Arabian desert, but they follow you like shadow, armed with suffocation. You plunge into the Mammoth Cave, but they hang like stalactites from the roof of the great cavern. They stand behind with skeleton fingers to push you ahead. They stand before you to throw you back. They run upon you like reckless horsemen. They charge upon you like glenning spear. They seem to come haphazard—scattering shots from the gun of a careless sportsman. But not so. It is good aim that sends them right; for God is the archer.—Talmage, in N. Y. Observer.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

"People who really love God glory in it.—Ram's Horn.

"The coveting of qualities is always right, and coveting of things always wrong.—Standard.

"In order to live justly, and be respected, we must abstain from doing that which we blame in others.—Watchman.

"The pretense of saintliness deceives no one so much as the pretender.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

"The moment you begin to explain away the miraculous and supernatural, you surrender the Bible. Take the supernatural out of the Bible and you make it a collection of fables in preference to which I choose Aesop's Fables. They are what they pretend to be.—fables.—Talmage, in N. Y. Observer.

"There are things which are not specifically condemned in Scripture which it is best to avoid. There may be no particular precept to forbid a proposed action, but that action may be a wrong to our souls. Anything which hinders in the least communion with God and brings doubt as to His approval is detrimental to our own spiritual welfare.—Christian Inquirer.

"The Word of God" is that which God speaks in the sense of annexing thereto His authority, whether it be a promise made, or threatening uttered, or doctrine taught, or a fact stated, and whether it be contained in the law or the Gospel of God. Man's duty is to believe this Word; and when it imposes a duty, to obey it.—N. Y. Independent.

Taken by a Hanson Cabman.
People little know what a terrible power rests in the hands of a hansom cabman. They will realize it now when they hear how sternly and, it must be added, how usefully it was applied in the case of one William Jones. It appears that this person, who described himself as a commercial traveler, hired a hansom, and was driven about the town for several hours. For certain reasons the cabman suspected that there was something wrong about his fare. So what did he do but let down the front glass lights, and keep them down, thereby effectually imprisoning the vainly protesting traveler. He then drove to the Peckham police station and gave up his prisoner.

He had done well, for William Jones turned out to be a very bad character; in fact, an old and convicted burglar, whose suspicious movements had lately attracted the serious attention of the police. Brought up at the Lambeth police court, on the charge of being disorderly and as a person under police supervision, supposed to be getting his livelihood by dishonest means, he was sent to prison with hard labor for twelve months. The hansom cab has thus figured, for the first time in history, as a thief trap. It is to be hoped that its newly discovered and awful power will never be employed at the expense of the innocent.—London Telegraph.

Pilgrims to Mecca in All Luck.

Crud ill luck has befallen some of the Indian pilgrims to Mecca this year. The pilgrim steamer Decem, which left Bombay for Jeddah on the 15th of June, had on board more than 1,200 of these pious Mohammedans, packed, it is said, as usual, "like herrings in a barrel." It is not surprising that during the voyage six cases of cholera occurred. This led to the ship being detained in quarantine at the great Red sea port for ten days. When this period had elapsed another case was declared, which involved a second quarantine.

By this time the period of the sacred ceremony of walking round the Kaabah or temple of the prophet and kissing the black stone had been given, and the poor pilgrims having spent all they had upon this pious duty were compelled to return as they came. It is painfully significant that the Decem brought back 122 persons less than she took out. A similar incident, it is said, has not occurred for more than half a century. It is regarded by the faithful as a visitation of divine displeasure.—London News.

On the Watch.

A man about 55 years old, according to his own statement, a lay of 44, was waiting for a train in the Grand Central depot the other day, when a man on the same bench, who had been reading a paper, folded it up and asked:

"Has the McKinley bill affected your neighborhood any?"

"The what?"

"The McKinley bill. How does it strike you?"

The old man didn't know anything about the bill, and he was fishing around for a reply, when the boy called out:

"Father, you keep still! He wants you to say that it strikes you good or bad, and then he'll call you a liar and offer to fight the both of us!"—New York Sun.

Christopher Columbus' Home.

The municipality of Genoa has it reported consented to restore the house in which Christopher Columbus lived. It is rapidly falling into decay and has long stood in need of repair. Originally, when Domenico Colombo, Christopher's father, inhabited the house, in 1457, it was of two stories only, but another was added in 1653, while the serious damage to the building caused by the bombardment of Genoa by Louis XIV was being repaired. The house at Valldiviel, where Columbus died in poverty in 1506, is also to be restored. It is now used as a stable; but the municipality of the town intend to purchase it and turn it into a museum dedicated to the great explorer.—London Tit-Bits.

English Farms Vacant.

An enormous number of farms have become vacant this Michaelmas, and all over England it appears to be extremely probable that land owners will have them thrown upon their hands, as in most counties there are half a dozen vacant holdings for every eligible applicant. In Hampshire, Kent, Sussex and other counties, where the principal land owners already have thousands of acres unemployed, the prospect is really very serious. It is nearly impossible to let arable farms on any terms, and even good grazing farms will only find tenants at reduced rentals. The Kent hog farms are reported to be difficult to let even at half the present rents.—London World.

Florida is putting its best resorts in readiness for the expected winter tourists. Lawn tennis courts are being arranged, vegetables are being planted in large quantities, boats are being prepared and as the announcements say, "No efforts will be spared to make life a pleasure and to give such healthful outdoor sports as will build up those who are run down from overwork, or will give a new lease of life to those afflicted with pulmonary or asthmatic diseases."

One of the points especially noted by military observers during the recent maneuvers abroad, where smokeless powder was used, was that in a clear atmosphere, unobscured by the smoke of battle, all bright accoutrements were seen at a great distance, thus betraying the positions of the various bodies of troops.

The czarowitch, the eldest son of the czar, who is to make an American tour, is a handsome young man of 23. He has a tall figure, a powerful physique and is a colonel in the Imperial guard. He is said to show considerable talent for the military profession.

It is estimated that one horse power of electric energy will furnish ample heat for a street car without smoke or dust or reduction of seating capacity.

J. W. RAMSEY,

.....Duster In.....

GROCERIES AND HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE

Glassware, Tinware, &c.

Has on hand a fresh supply of canned goods of every description, macaroni, beans, prunes and in fact everything found in a first-class grocery. Tobaccos and cigars a specialty. Confectioneries, nuts, raisins, &c., in great variety. Give my Nudavene, something new, a trial.

.....GO TO.....

A. A. WARREN'S

"MODEL GROCERY"

For Canned Fruits, Vegetables and Meats of all kinds, Cream Cheese, Crackers, Macaroni, Pickles, Hominy, Sauces, Olives, Mince Meat, Pudding, Dried Fruits, Prunes, Raisins, Currants, Nuts and Candies.

Also plain and fancy Glass and Queensware, Lamps and Lanterns of every description.

He is now receiving and opening the largest and finest stock of Holiday Goods and Toys ever brought to this market.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is well adapted to children that

I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Without injurious medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

.....GO TO.....

HIGGINS & M'KINNEY'S

FOR

Heating Stoves, Cooking Stoves, Coal Vases, Coal

Hods, Fire Sets, Stove Boards.

Also full line of Hardware. We make a specialty of Cutlery. Sole agents for the Celebrated Queen Shears—every pair warranted. We also handle a full line of Queensware and Groceries and guarantee our prices to be as low as anybody's. Try our "O. K." Lard, best in the world.

1891.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

The important series of papers on South America, by Theodore Child, will be continued in Harper's Magazine during the greater part of the year. The series on Southern California, by Charles Lindley Warner, will also be continued. Among other noteworthy attractions will be a novel by Charles Egbert Craddock, a collection of original drawings by W. M. Thackeray, and a paper published for the first time, a novel written and illustrated by George du Maurier, a novel by William Dean Howells, and a series of papers on London by Walter Besant.

In the number and variety of illustrated papers and other articles on subjects of timely interest, as well as in the unusual character of its short stories, poems, etc., Harper's Magazine will continue to maintain that standard of excellence to which it has been so long distinguished.

Harper's Periodicals.

For Year

Harper's Magazine.....\$4.00

Harper's Weekly.....4.00

Harper's Bazar.....4.00

Harper's Young People.....4.00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

The volumes of the Magazine begin with the number for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, subscriptions will be with the number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound volumes of Harper's Magazine for three years (6 vols.) in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail postage paid or by express, free of expense, provided the freight does not exceed \$1 per volume. Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail postage paid on receipt of order.

Remittances should be made by post-office money order or draft, to avoid chance of loss. Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

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The volumes of the Weekly begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound volumes of Harper's Weekly for three years (6 vols.) in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail postage paid or by express, free of expense, provided the freight does not exceed \$1 per volume. Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail postage paid on receipt of order.

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Harper's Bazar.

ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Bazar is a journal for the home. Giving the latest information with regard to the fashions, its numerous illustrations, fashion-plates and patterns—best supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and the fashionable modiste. No expense is spared in making its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its clever short stories, parlor plays and thoughtful essays satisfy all taste and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. During this Agnes H. Ormstrong will write a series of articles on "The House Comfortable," Juliet Corson will treat of "Sanitary Living," and an interesting discussion of papers of "Women in Art and History," superbly illustrated, will be furnished by Theodore Child. This serial stories will be by Walter Besant and Thomas Hardy.

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For Year

Harper's Bazar.....\$4.00

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Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

The volumes of the Bazar begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound volumes of Harper's Bazar, for three years (6 vols.) in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail postage paid or by express, provided the freight does not exceed \$1 per volume. Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail postage paid on receipt of order.

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FARM FOR SALE.

We offer for sale privately, our farm known as the George Anderson place, 15 miles from Hustonville, on the Liberty Pike, containing 43 acres, good dwelling of 6 rooms and well watered. Call on or address us at Hustonville, Ky.

MYERS HOUSE.

P. W. GREEN, Proprietor

I have recently taken charge of this well known Hotel and intend keeping it at its present high standard. Special attention given to the traveling public.

First-Class Sample Room

In connection with

Pool and Billiard Parlors.

L. M. REED, Clerk

Farmers Bank & Trust Co.

OF STANFORD, KY.

Is now fully organized and ready for business with

Paid up Capital of \$200,000.

Surplus, 13,500.

SUCCESSOR TO THE LINCOLN NATIONAL BANK OF STANFORD.

(Now closing up) with the same assets and under the same management.

My provisions of its charter, depositors are as fully protected as in the National Bank of Kentucky, its shareholders being individually liable to the extent of the amount of their stock therein at the par value thereof, in addition to the amount invested in such shares. I may, as a tax collector, administrator, trustee, etc., as fully as an individual.

To those who entrusted their business to us while managing the Lincoln National Bank of Stanford, we have tendered our many thanks and trust they will continue to transact their business with us, offering a guarantee for prompt attention to same, our twenty years' experience in banking and as liberal accommodations as are consistent with sound banking.

DIRECTORS:

J. J. Williams, M. Verman;

J. M. Hall, Stanford;

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Investments Offered

—By the—

Louisville Savings,

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Class A. Installment Stock.

Face value \$100. Costs \$1 admission fee and all other expenses for a month until payments and profits equal \$100. No dividends in cash until maturity, which is estimated to take place in 7 or 8 years. First year's credited dividends have been over 15 per cent.

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Face value \$100. Costs \$1 admission fee and \$50 in lieu of all dues. Total \$51 per share. Receives upon \$50 semi-annual cash dividends of a percent.

Making 6 Per Cent. Per Year.

and is credited with a proportion of surplus profits, until the payments and surplus amount to \$100. This surplus is a small per centage at first but increases every year. This is a preferred stock and the cash dividends are guaranteed. Can be withdrawn after one year.

Class C. \$50 Full Paid Stock.

Face value \$50. Costs \$1 admission fee and \$25 in lieu of all dues, total \$26 per share. Receives no cash dividends, but is credited with the same per centage of profits as Installment Stock. If such stock had been issued during the past year, its dividends would have been over 15 per cent. When the \$25 and the credited profits equal \$50 the face value is withdrawn in cash. This is a new form of stock, especially adapted for the investment of small savings without the ordinary feature of monthly payments. Can be withdrawn after one year.

The books and securities of the Company are always open to investors.

For full information apply to

GEORGE W. JOHNSTON,

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GEORGE D. WEAREN, Agent,

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Refer to J. J. McROBERTS, Cashier First National Bank, Stanford, Ky.

80 ft

MONON ROUTE

LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO R. CO.

A NEW FAST MAIL

Leaving both

LOUISVILLE & CINCINNATI

Daily, Secures to Travelers, —

THE MOST RAPID ROUTE

Ever attempted between the great commercial cities on the Ohio River and Chicago, and hence the fastest time and most comfortable trains between all points on the South, or to the West and Northwest. The counterpart of this train on all trunk lines is denominated The Limited Express. The superb rolling stock we employ gives patrons Unlimited Comfort.

Say Monon, get Monon and stick to Monon, if you want to save money and have a pleasant journey.

For full information, time cards, maps, folders, etc., call on or address

W. G. CRUSH, T. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

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Or W. B. McROBERTS, Agt., Stanford.

up with a start, and oh, what a shriek I gave!

I don't know whether I had been reading for hours or whether I had miscalculated the time, but the water had risen until my feet were hanging in it nearly up to my knees. It was clear as crystal, I could see way down to the depths, and found, to my horror, that the touch I had felt was a fish rubbing against me, mistaking me for a part of the rock, so still was I sitting. I drew up my feet and looked around me. The little boat I had left dry on the beach was floating in several feet of water, the tide drawing it away from me until it was thirty feet and more away from me. I would have to swim to it, and swim in I didn't know what depth of water, and, oh, horror! with fish and all sorts of live things about me. Perhaps there was an octopus lurking under that very rock waiting for me. I couldn't do it! If I were to drown I couldn't jump off that rock into that fearful living water. I cast about me on every side for some way of escape. Merciful Providence! What was that black thing reaching out long arms toward me from under the rock! An octopus! An octopus, surely! With a wild, unearthly scream I scrambled higher upon the rock, and, to my infinite despair, was feeling myself gradually slipping down into the dreaded water when suddenly I heard an encouraging shout, and a moment later the steady shock of oars in their rowlocks—then a splash, and in a moment more a man was swimming to the rock and scrambling up beside me. Need I tell you, Clara, that it was the young man of yesterday?

"What was the matter?" he cried.

"I sat reading too long, got frightened and daren't swim back to my boat."

"Frightened! What? Oh, I see," taking up my book, "octopuses and things," and he laughed merrily.

I couldn't be angry. I was so glad to see any one in my plight.

"Will you—could you—bring my boat up here?" I asked, timidly.

"If you wish, but why not swim to it. I will stay beside you, and I know you can swim, for I saw you come out here an hour and more ago."

"I dare not!" I cried, shuddering.

"Why?"

"There is something horrible under that side of the rock," I said, nervously.

Before I could control him he had dived into the water, and under the very spot of which I was so frightened. He came up laughing.

"What you saw was seaweed, that was all."

I looked again at the dreaded shadow, and found that he was right. The long arms were but strands of seaweed floated by the tide.

"May be I had better go!" I said, acknowledging my stupidity with a warm flush of color and an unwilling attempt to jump in the water.

"Hold on!" he cried, "wait till I secure my boat and I'll come back and fetch you. It's pretty dread where you are. I'm glad it's a warm day for a swim, or I shouldn't have enjoyed jumping into the water after a young lady whose nerves are not strong enough to read Hugo. I suppose, though, that people who don't read much are always more impressed by books than ordinary folks."

"How do you know I don't read?" it was on the tip of my tongue to say, but I remembered that he was taking me to a farmer's daughter, and I held my tongue while he swam after his boat, secured it near to mine, and returned to the rock.

He scanned my face with kindly, gentle eyes.

"You've had quite a scare," he said; "don't attempt to be too rash, put your hands on my shoulders, use your feet, and we'll swim to your boat together."

I obeyed him, and was soon seated in the yawl. He fetched my book, and stood in the shallow water holding the boat till I started.

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," I began.

"I don't need any thanks," was his answer. "I am glad I have had the opportunity of seeing you again, and showing you that I can do something, even if I can't bake bread."

I broke out into a laugh.

"That's right," he said. "I am glad you feel like laughing again. Won't you tell me your name? I am going to row near you until we get within sight of your aunt, and I suppose I mustn't call you Nan all the way!"

"That's my name," I answered, for I was afraid to tell him what my other name was, lest it might give him some clue to my identity, and bring a dozen tiresome people up to see how the fashionable Nanette Van Cortland was spending her summer.

He looked at me a little curiously.

"Nan—what?"

"Oh, you want my aunt's name!" I said, innocently. "How stupid of me! Sayer, of course."

"Well, Miss Nan Sayer, tell me how it is that you, an oysterman's niece, can't swim, and the right hand of such a very exemplary person as your aunt can't make bread?"

I was on the eve of discovery.

I tried to speak in the clumsy manner of Harriet and her husband.

"I was educated different. My folks lived near Boston."

He laughed.

"Well, my child, Boston culture has

nearly cost you your life. It would have been wiser if they had taught you to—why, of course—how foolish of me!

You are a school teacher taking your summer vacation, aren't you? That accounts for everything. Where is your school?"

"Please don't ask me any questions about myself," I said. "I don't think my aunt would like it."

"Very well, we'll talk of something else. When shall I see you again? Do you come here every day? May I meet you here to-morrow and walk along the beach with you?"

"Certainly not!" I said, scandalized, and rowed off without another glance at him.

With a laugh and a "Well see!" he leaped into his boat, and, heading to his oars, swept past me and round the point that hid me from the cottage.

I was not to be so easily rid of him. When I in my turn rounded the point, there he stood on the beach with Harriet at his side, and evidently on the most friendly terms with him.

"Oh, Nan," she cried, "how could you do it! I thought you were too crabbed to be scared of a bit of seaweed! But you always was the foolishdest child! If it hadn't been for this kind gentleman

Thorough Drainage Essential Where Good Roads Are Desired.

George W. Hinkle writes to the Orange Judd Farmer: In constructing any system of roads the most important part is thorough drainage, both under and surface. An earth road should be at least fifty feet wide, with surface ditches cut as far out on the sides as they can be made. Carry the earth to the center, forming an oval grade, about twenty-four feet wide, make side ditches six feet wide, eighteen inches deep on outer and sloping on inner edge. Continue side ditches entire length.

Then underdrain all low land, springy and swampy hills on both sides of the roadway, conveying the water to a good outlet. Where surface water stands on the side of the road, fill in a small space over under-drain with broken tiles. If not able to tile both sides of the road, then put tile in the center of the roadway, before grading; practical experience proves this to be successful. Do away with all small culverts, replacing them with double-strength sewer tiles. A road so constructed is as near perfect as one can be of earth. If constructed according to the above directions, an excellent foundation is now provided for a gravel road.

In many parts of this State (Illinois) gravel exists in quantities seemingly sufficient to "spiderize" the State in every direction with first-class highways. We have about forty miles of gravel road in this (Paris) township; eight miles built this summer, with four miles more under contract. To construct these roads a tax is levied to full limit of law (one dollar to each one hundred dollars) and when collected such roads are built as the people vote to be constructed out of this special fund. The road to be made is divided into sections of one-half mile in length. We purchase our gravel, strip the earth from the surface, and then advertise for bids by the section, per cubic yard measurement.

In putting on the gravel we use stock boards twelve inches wide, fourteen feet long, set up on each side of center of roadway, held in place by iron pins; boards ten or twelve feet apart with iron pins in center every seven feet twelve or fifteen inches above ground. Whenever two pairs of boards are filled one pair of boards and one pair of center pins are taken up and moved forward and set again, and so on until the line of road is finished. Now, if taken care of for twelve months, by keeping the gravel worked to the center with a wooden drag, you will have a road affording pleasure to ride over at any time of the year. It costs from two hundred to four hundred dollars per mile to grade, underdrain and sewer such a road, but all of this is done with the road and bridge tax. The special tax above noted is used for the gravel. The cost of graveling depends on many circumstances—how much dirt is on the gravel, how close the bank is to the road to be constructed, how strong the competition in bidding, etc., etc. We get the earth removed from our gravel for six and seven-ninths to eight cents per cubic yard. We get the gravel put on the road (according to last contract) for an average of twenty-eight cents per cubic yard, on a road four and one-quarter miles long. Gravel bank within one-quarter mile of road and within one-half mile of end of road.

Protection for Outlets of Underdrains.

Many long, valuable, and expensive lines of underdrains are destroyed each year by mice, rats, and other vermin getting into them during the dry season, and wholly or partially clogging them up with their nests, earth, or themselves after having perished in the channel of the drain. In case of tile

drains and well-built stone drains the animals enter at the outlet. This intrusion can be easily avoided by covering the outlets with wire. All drains, and especially when the outlet is exposed to the tramping of stock, should have a strong wooden box for discharging the water through. Wiring in this case is quite an easy operation; the wires passing through holes at the side, top and bottom, as shown in Fig. 1. In the plan seen in Fig. 2 the wire is cut in suitable lengths, or even a piece of wire sieve or screen is passed at the top and loosely around an iron or wooden roller placed crosswise of the box at the top. In this case the wire can be raised up to clear out the box if desired; and a heavy pressure of water will lift the lower end thus removing all obstruction. The screen is of sufficient length that it may be pressed outward but not inward. When tiles are used clear to the outlet, a piece of wire screen placed between the ends of the two last tiles will answer the purpose nearly as well.

I have made a discovery, though, which would put an inseparable bar between us, even if I had not by any own simplicity raised a still stronger one. He is a very poor man. The yacht does not belong to him, but to one of his firm who is in Europe for a few weeks, and having the boat already in commission lent it to Mr. Douglas during his absence.

If I had not foolishly put a lie between myself and his love it would still be impossible for me, with my extravagant notions, to become the wife of a very poor man. I could not help him, and I should only be a drag on him and bring him to ruin.

No, Clara, it is better so, but I am very unhappy, and less than ever inclined to marry that prig, Pryor D.

Your Miserable Friend,

NANETTE VAN CORTLAND.

CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE.

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I have made a discovery, though, which would put an inseparable bar between us, even if I had not by any own simplicity raised a still stronger one. He is a very poor man. The yacht does not belong to him, but to one of his firm who is in Europe for a few weeks, and having the boat already in commission lent it to Mr. Douglas during his absence.

If I had not foolishly put a lie between myself and his love it would still be impossible for me, with my extravagant notions, to become the wife of a very poor man. I could not help him, and I should only be a drag on him and bring him to ruin.

No, Clara, it is better so, but I am very unhappy, and less than ever inclined to marry that prig, Pryor D.

Your Miserable Friend,

NANETTE VAN CORTLAND.

CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE.

ROAD CONSTRUCTING.

Thorough Drainage Essential Where Good Roads Are Desired.

George W. Hinkle writes to the Orange Judd Farmer: In constructing any system of roads the most important part is thorough drainage, both under and surface. An earth road should be at least fifty feet wide, with surface ditches cut as far out on the sides as they can be made. Carry the earth to the center, forming an oval grade, about twenty-four feet wide, make side ditches six feet wide, eighteen inches deep on outer and sloping on inner edge. Continue side ditches entire length.

Then underdrain all low land, springy and swampy hills on both sides of the roadway, conveying the water to a good outlet. Where surface water stands on the side of the road, fill in a small space over under-drain with broken tiles. If not able to tile both sides of the road, then put tile in the center of the roadway, before grading; practical experience proves this to be successful. Do away with all small culverts, replacing them with double-strength sewer tiles. A road so constructed is as near perfect as one can be of earth. If constructed according to the above directions, an excellent foundation is now provided for a gravel road.

In many parts of this State (Illinois) gravel exists in quantities seemingly sufficient to "spiderize" the State in every direction with first-class highways. We have about forty miles of gravel road in this (Paris) township; eight miles built this summer, with four miles more under contract. To construct these roads a tax is levied to full limit of law (one dollar to each one hundred dollars) and when collected such roads are built as the people vote to be constructed out of this special fund. The road to be made is divided into sections of one-half mile in length. We purchase our gravel, strip the earth from the surface, and then advertise for bids by the section, per cubic yard measurement.

In putting on the gravel we use stock boards twelve inches wide, fourteen feet long, set up on each side of center of roadway, held in place by iron pins; boards ten or twelve feet apart with iron pins in center every seven feet twelve or fifteen inches above ground. Whenever two pairs of boards are filled one pair of boards and one pair of center pins are taken up and moved forward and set again, and so on until the line of road is finished. Now, if taken care of for twelve months, by keeping the gravel worked to the center with a wooden drag, you will have a road affording pleasure to ride over at any time of the year. It costs from two hundred to four hundred dollars per mile to grade, underdrain and sewer such a road, but all of this is done with the road and bridge tax. The special tax above noted is used for the gravel. The cost of graveling depends on many circumstances—how much dirt is on the gravel, how close the bank is to the road to be constructed, how strong the competition in bidding, etc., etc. We get the earth removed from our gravel for six and seven-ninths to eight cents per cubic yard. We get the gravel put on the road (according to last contract) for an average of twenty-eight cents per cubic yard, on a road four and one-quarter miles long. Gravel bank within one-quarter mile of road and within one-half mile of end of road.

Protection for Outlets of Underdrains.

Many long, valuable, and expensive lines of underdrains are destroyed each year by mice, rats, and other vermin getting into them during the dry season, and wholly or partially clogging them up with their nests, earth, or themselves after having perished in the channel of the drain. In case of tile

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Your Miserable Friend,

NANETTE VAN CORTLAND.

If You are Looking for Sensible, Desirable,

USEFUL ARTICLES THAT MAKE PLEASING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

Go to The Cash Bargain Store,

Opposite Portman House, Stanford. You'll not be disappointed. Plenty of goods and

Low Prices Rule Throughout

The Entire Stock. If you don't know what to buy, look over this list; perhaps it may suggest something.

Colored Cashmere or Henrietta Dress Pattern, wool fill, 25c per yard; all wool Tricot in colors, 25c per yard; 10 yards best Indigo Blue Calico for 50c; 2,000 yards of Standard Prints 4c per yard; nice warm Woolen Shawls \$1, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.25; 100 black Fur Muffs 50 each; Linen Table Covers with Napkins to match \$1, \$2 and \$2.50; 200 different patterns in Silk Mufflers 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 each. The Grandest Display in Silk Handkerchiefs ever brought to Stanford; prices to suit all, from 25c to \$2.50. Ladies' Rubber Circulars \$1 and \$1.25 each.

The Big Double Store-Room Will Be Full of Bargains to Suit All in Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Clothing, Trunks, Valises, Groceries, &c.

The only place in Stanford you can exchange your Produce for goods. Bring your Eggs along and get 22c per dozen. Five dozen Eggs will buy a pair of Lady's Kid Button Shoes worth \$1.75. Call to see the line of Satteen Comforts, \$1.75, \$2 and \$2.25. Blankets 10-4, 95c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.50 and \$2.90 per pair. 300 Lady's Ribbed Jersey fitting Vests only 20c each. Thirteen pounds Standard Granulated Sugar \$1. Arbuckle Coffee 25c; 4 lbs. Soda for 25c; 14 pounds light Brown Sugar for \$1. This GREAT CLEARANCE SALE will continue for a few weeks only. Do not delay, but come early, before the rush. You can not mistake the place; follow the crowd; Big Double Room opposite Portman House, Stanford, Ky.

JOE S. JONES.

Happy Christmas

—TO ALL SAYS—

F. M. WARE,

McKinney, - - Ky.

Who in order to make all enjoy the Holiday season has put forth the greatest effort of his life in making his purchases of

HOLIDAY x GOODS.

Certainly none can fail to appreciate the pains he has taken to please all.

The Latest of Everything You will Find in His Selection.

It is simply immense and must be seen to be fully appreciated. He feels that he has

The Holiday Stock of this Section of the State,

And wants every one to call and see it whether they buy anything or not.

Thanking one and all for a liberal share of trade during the year, he wishes all a happy Christmas year.



DO YOU KNOW WHAT AILS YOU?

You feel tired—Do you know what it means? You are nervous—Why? You cough in the morning—Do you realize the cause? Your appetite is poor—What makes it so? You seem like a changed person to your friends—Do you know what is the matter, or has the change been so gradual it has escaped your notice?

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY.

It is recommended by the best physicians in Europe and America.

W. H. HOOKER & CO., 46 West Broadway, New York

CRAB ORCHARD.

—Curtis Gover has opened a barroom in one of the rooms of his livery stable. —Born to the wife of Geo. L. James a fine 10-pound baby, a girl. May it be to them a joy and source of great happiness.

—Charley Dunigan is tearing away the old shop on his premises, making preparations to build a handsome residence early in the spring.

—Dr. W. M. Doones and S. D. Magee bought last week of several parties in the vicinity of 24 head of cattle, averaging 1,000 pounds, at 2.10 and shipped them to Cincinnati.

—Mrs. W. K. Buchanan's school in the Holmes neighborhood closed Friday. Miss Lucy Pennington, Edie and Margaret Holmes and Masters Joe Newland and Harry Collier were among those who received rewards for scholarship, deportment &c., while all enjoyed a regular Santa Claus treat.

—Mr. Will Higgins, of Somerset, arrived Thursday. Miss Nellie Yantis is visiting friends in Lancaster. Miss Mary Curtis and Fannie Coulter, accompanied by Messrs. Walter Garner and John Bingaman, went to Mitchellburg, last week, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Charley Curtis. Mrs. John Higgins, son and daughter, Mr. Simon and Miss Susie, left Monday afternoon for Middlesboro. Mr. A. H. Bastin has taken possession of the property he lately purchased of A. W. Montgomery. Miss Lula Owsley, of Hubble, is the guest of A. W. Montgomery. Mr. J. H. Collier returned Friday from Louisville and Cincinnati, where he has been buying Christmas goods. Mrs. Fannie Edmiston has just received the photographs of her niece and nephew from Missouri. Miss S. Eva Bedinger, one of the faculty of Stanford College, came up with Miss Alice Stuart to spend Sunday. Also little Miss Lizzie Menefee. Mr. W. K. Buchanan returned from Middlesboro Wednesday, where he has been for some time making arrangements to move his family thither. T. K. Pettus has returned from Florida, after one month's stay. He says there is no place like Old Kentucky.

Birnie Fish is quite sick with a gripple. Mrs. Allie King has gone to Somerset to see her sister, Mrs. Judie Higgins, who is quite sick. Messrs. Briggs, of New York, and Price, of Danville, were up last week on a hunting expedition and while here stopped with Mr. J. H. Hutchings. The little boys have organized a military company. Wade Perkins is captain and Andrew Buchanan general. Mr. John Edmiston received Thursday from the Quarier Master at Washington 18 head stones for those soldiers who died here during the war. Mr. Isaac Mayfield, of Pineville, is here to see his best girl.

Colored Department.

(To the Editor of the Interior Journal.) In connection with the literary entertainment given at the Baptist church by the Y. M. D. and L. L. Society, there was also a supper given by the school children. The supper was managed by Misses Cook, Givens, Peyton and Carr, and was a grand success, which is attributable to the skillful management of the above named committee. The proceeds amounted to \$15, which is to go towards defraying the expenses of the public school.—Hon. George W. Gentry, who has been stationed at Tyrone as storekeeper, came home Saturday night, to remain until after the Xmas holidays. Rev. E. Wilson is assisting in a protracted meeting at Danville. His pulpit was filled on the 14th by Rev. Caldwell, of Danville. Rev. George W. Bolling, pastor of the Baptist church, preached an interesting and instructive sermon Sunday evening to a large and attentive audience.—Isaac Hubble, Lee Armstrong and Thomas Leavell, who have been on the sick list for several weeks, are now out of danger and we hope will soon be restored to their former health. Mrs. Narcissa Good is still quite sick. Two of Mr. Joseph Reed's children are quite sick with malarial fever.—Misses Curtis, Campbell and Pennington, of Crab Orchard, were the guests of Miss A. V. Carr on the 6th.

—Chief, the big elephant presented to the Zoo at Cincinnati by John Robinson, became so vicious and dangerous he had to be killed. Eleven four-inch cartridges from Sharpe's rifles were fired into his forehead without apparent effect and as many into his side behind his fore leg, still without result. It was then suggested that a few shots be put behind his ear. These brought him down, but Old Chief had the satisfaction of seeing them fire 32 bullets at him in all before he gave up the ghost. He was 28 years old, 9 feet 11 inches high and weighed about five tons. Since the death of Barnum's Jumbo he was the largest elephant in captivity and the most vicious.

—A deficit of \$33,000,000 in the single item of pensions is glibly announced as if it were a small thing, and indeed for a population of some 63,000,000 it is less than a dollar ahead. But look at it in another way: At 5 per cent. it takes more than \$650,000,000 to make it; at 4 per cent. it takes \$850,000,000. In other words, the use of these enormous sums must be withdrawn from the people to meet one single deficit.—N. Y. World.

—The Boston Transcript says the latest thing is to drop the M in the abbreviation A. M. and P. M. As for instance: The Rev. Phillips Brooks will preach next Sunday at 11 A. and 4:30 P.

The Finest on Earth.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. is the only line running Pullman's Perfected Safety Vestibuled Trains, with Chair, Taylor, Sleeping and Dining Car service between Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago, and is the only line running through Pullman's Dining Chair Cars between Cincinnati, Keokuk and Springfield, Ill., and Sleeping Car Cincinnati to Mackinaw, and the

Only Direct Line Between Cincinnati, Dayton, Lima, Toledo, Detroit, the Lake Regions and Canada. The road is one of the oldest in the State of Ohio and the only line entering Cincinnati over 25 miles of double-track, and from its past record can more than assure its patrons speed, comfort and safety.

Tickets on sale everywhere, and see that they read C. H. & D., either in or out of Cincinnati, Indianapolis or Toledo.

E. O. McCORMICK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, itchy, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or to pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtiss, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested the use of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles she found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at A. R. Penny's drug store; large bottles 50c and \$1.

Happy Hoosters.

Wm. Timmons, postmaster of Madison, Indiana, writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from kidney and liver trouble." John Leelle, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best kidney and liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c a bottle at A. R. Penny's drug store."

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

An important discovery. They set on the liver, stomach and bowels through the arteries. A new principle. They speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, loss of sleep, pain and constipation. Splendid for men, women and children. Smallest, modest sized, 30 doses for 5 cents. Samples free at A. R. Penny's drug store.

The Wonderful Tower.

The highest structure in the world is Eiffel Tower, at Paris, 1,000 feet high. But the great discovery of Dr. Franklin Miles is certain to tower far above it in promoting human happiness and health. This wonderful nerve medicine builds up worn-out systems, cures rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous prostration, dizziness, sleeplessness, monthly pains, sexual troubles, etc. Mrs. John R. Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., and J. D. Taylor, of Leavenworth, Ind., gained 25 pounds a month while taking it. Finest illustrated treatise on "Nervous Diseases" and sample bottle of the Restorative Nerve Tonic, free at A. R. Penny's who guarantees it.

Thousands Poisoned.

In a recent work on Heart Disease, Dr. Franklin Miles—the noted specialist—gives many new and startling facts. Thousands of people are slowly poisoning themselves, weakening themselves by the use of tea, coffee, tobacco and alcohol. These are Heart Whips, causing it to beat rapidly, thus gradually wearing it out, producing shortness of breath when exercising, pains in side and shoulder, hunger and faint spells. Finally heart failure and sudden death. For weakened and irritated hearts the price every where highly recommended. The New Heart Cure discovered by Dr. Franklin Miles, which is for sale at A. R. Penny's, Stanford.

—The United States fish commission has, at the request of Congressman Wilson, placed 5,000 carp in the Cumberland river at Barbourville.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I would respectfully inform my old friends and customers that I am again at work at my profession and would be pleased to receive any work in the way of

Watch, Clock or Jewelry Repairing.

Also repairing Sewing Machines, Guns, Pistols, Locks, &c. All

Work Neatly and Promptly Done

And Warranted by

THOMAS RICHARDS, Stanford, Ky.

Room up stairs, Old Fellows' building, entrance next door to post-office.

National Building & Loan Association.

OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

JOHN H. LEATHERS, President.

JOHN L. DUNLAP, Vice-President.

The Safest and Best Investment

To-day in the State.

Dues 60 cents per share per month. No deductions from monthly dues for any purpose.

Paid 12 Per Cent. the First Year

Of business.

Every \$500 invested on 10 shares Earns \$500.

For particulars, write C. M. PHILLIPS.

81-31 504 West Main St., Louisville, Ky.

OLD KY. ROUTE

Newport News & Mississippi Valley Co., "E. D."

Solid Vestibuled Trains.

Washington, Philadelphia

Baltimore, New York,

All points East and South.

Only one night out from Lexington.

Corrected Time Card in Effect Nov. 16, 1890.

STATIONS

STATIONS	Fast Express Daily	Fast Mail Daily	Accom.
Lvs. Stanford.....	11 50 a.m.	3 47 a.m.	11 50 a.m.
" Lexington.....	6 15 p.m.	11 40 a.m.	5 35 p.m.
" Winchester.....	7 06 p.m.	12 45 p.m.	6 40 p.m.
" K. U. Junction.....			
" Mt. Sterling.....	7 30 p.m.	1 25 p.m.	7 40 p.m.
" Morehead.....		4 43 p.m.	
" Olive Hill.....		5 31 p.m.	
" Ashland.....	10 25 p.m.	5 35 p.m.	8 15 a.m.
" Calhoun.....	10 41 p.m.	5 50 p.m.	8 35 a.m.
" Huntington.....	11 07 p.m.	6 55 p.m.	9 10 a.m.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	Fast Express Daily	Fast Mail Daily	Accom.
Lvs. Huntington.....	1 10 p.m.	6 00 a.m.	3 00 p.m.
" Calhoun.....	1 40 p.m.	6 25 a.m.	3 30 p.m.
" Ashland.....	1 46 p.m.	6 35 a.m.	3 40 p.m.
" Olive Hill.....	5 38 p.m.	8 47 a.m.	4 40 p.m.
" Mt. Sterling.....	4 57 p.m.	10 55 a.m.	6 25 a.m.
" Winchester.....	5 29 p.m.	11 45 a.m.	7 15 a.m.
" Lexington.....	5 35 p.m.	12 45 p.m.	8 10 a.m.

Limited Vestibuled Express runs daily and as Pullman Vestibuled Buffet Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington, Washington, New York and Old Point Comfort. This train is made part of the celebrated

F. F. V.

Fast Mail Trains run daily except Sunday between Lexington and Huntington. Make direct connection at Huntington with C. & O.; at Ashland with S. V. R.; at Winchester with K. C. R. L. & N.; L. S. and C. N. O. & T. P. Railroads. Lexington and Olive Hill Accommodations daily. Connects at Winchester with L. S. R. R. for Louisville, and at Lexington with L. S. R. R. for Louisville, &c. Apply to any agent of this or connecting lines or to

H. E. HUNTINGTON, S. F. MORSE,

V. P. and G. M., Cincinnati, Ohio.

G. W. BARNEY, W. S. HARRISON,

G. M., Lexington, Ky. T. P. A., Ashland, Ky.